

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

They can conquer who believe they can. —*Dryden*.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

Some people only understand enough of a truth to reject it.

He is thy friend who speaks well of thee behind thy back.

Love spans the gulf of death with the bridge of eternal hope.

How roughly does this world handle a dying man, but how tender it is to the dead!

Hurt no man's feelings unnecessarily. There are thorns in abundance in the path of human life.

Trust him a little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life.

Education is leading the pupil to do for himself what will promote the equable development of all his powers.

The more I ponder on this world and its gear, the more I am assured that to be good is all; the rest avails not.—*Omar Khayyam, Persian Poet*.

It is dishonorable to speak of one thing and to think another; but how much more base is it, to write that which is contrary to a man's real sentiments?—*Seneca*.

Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe.

Every one in this world has his or her share of troubles and trials. Let us then try as much as we are able not to increase the burden of any by as much as the weight of a straw.

The liberty of using harmless pleasures will not be disputed; but it is still to be examined what pleasures are harmless. The evil of any pleasure is not in the act itself, but in its consequences.

To know how to say what other people only think, is what makes men poets and sages; and to dare to say what others only dare to think, makes men martyrs or reformers, or both.

If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may; but while I do live, let me have a country, or, at least, the hope of a country, and that a free country.—*John Adams*.

Practice makes perfect, but perfection does not necessarily come from all practice. Everything depends upon the character of the practice. The oftener we do a thing carelessly, the more firmly we fix the habit of not doing that thing well—the harder we make it to do our best when need comes for the exercise of our highest skill.

Personal Experiences of Spiritualism, with Some Deductions Therefrom.

A Paper read before the Christo-Theosophical Society, at the St. Nicholas Club, on Thursday, March 20, 1890, By "M. A. (Oxon)," in Light.

There is Spiritualism and Spiritualism. The most evil day that ever fell on Spiritualism came when certain wide-awake creatures discovered that "there was money in it." It was found that money could be gathered from feather-headed people who were willing to pay for being cheated, and cheated they were accordingly. I have nothing to do with this phase of Spiritualism. I know very well that it exists. I am sure it will exist as long as human nature affords it a feeding ground. The existence of fraud in connection with Spiritualism is on a par with the base coinage that the smasher produces. He could not produce his sham if the reality had not previously existed.

That Spiritualism is infested by persons who find in it a happy hunting ground for their tricks is no surprise to me. I should expect it, and I say nothing about it till I meet it, when it gets a short shrift and a sudden death. What I am about to tell you is the experience of one who has not derived his knowledge from this source. I shall illustrate what I have to say from other sources, but what I shall tell you is mainly derived from my own personal experience without the intervention of a paid medium. I do not for a moment desire to throw any discredit on what I may call commercial mediumship. From it we have derived much that we know, but it is not my topic to-day.

If you will bear in mind, then, that there is Spiritualism and Spiritualism, and that you can derive no fair acquaintance with the subject from the records of the police courts or even from the writings of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, I will endeavor to unfold to you a plain tale.

What is Spiritualism? A difficult question to answer. A definition will clear the air. Long ago I ventured on some such as this: "Spiritualism shows us in action a force, conveniently called Psychic, governed by an Intelligence outside of a human body; that Intelligence almost always representing itself as that of a departed human being who had lived on this earth." I wrote in that sense many years ago. I have seen no reason to change my opinion since. Two or three cases have come under my knowledge when the Intelligence professed to be that of a being who had not lived here, and two or three thousand have consistently and persistently professed themselves to be human.

If I am asked to further define terms that I am compelled to use I can give only a tentative definition. A Medium or Psychic—a term that must be frequently met with—is difficult to define exactly. We can say that he is a mesmeric sensitive, probably controlled by unembodied intelligences as the hypnotised subject is by embodied will. He is sensitive, when fully developed, in an extreme degree. It is not my business now to point out to you how most of the fiascos of Spiritualism and the failures of well-meaning men to get for themselves evidence that comes readily to others, have resulted from neglecting to realize this fact. Not till we treat with the care that we should bestow on an exceptionally delicate instrument these exceptionally organized beings shall we make investigation progressive. Here I may quote some remarks made long since, which are, I still think, substantially true:

"The medium is a mesmeric sensitive, and as such is amenable to every dominant influence brought to bear on him. He is the receptacle of the several positive influences of the circle. If there be present a positive mind filled with doubt, it reacts on the medium. If there be a scoffing, jeering spirit amongst those present, it cuts into him like a knife. If an over-clever person thinks he has detected, or suspected fraud, that suspicion bites into the medium and 'the iron enters into his soul'—precious *rusty* iron it is, too! If vice be present, it reacts on him. If fraud suggests itself, he feels it. He is the 'wash-pot' into which the collective feelings and sentiments of the circle are collected. And more than this. He is the link between them and the spirits that their mental states attract. The communications are pretty sure to be the re-presentations of the mental state of the sitters: unless indeed a powerful controlling spirit is charged to protect and neutralize adverse influence. On the medium, first of all, devolves the effect of the conditions under which the sitting is held. If the minds be harmonious and the intentions pure, he is calm and passive and a fit vehicle for corresponding influences. If suspicion and evil tempers are predominant, he is influenced in corresponding ways. A mesmeric sensitive, he comes under the dominant influence, and too often re-presents the wishes and thoughts of those who surround him: or rather, becomes the unconscious vehicle for spirits who so act.

"When will investigators learn this simple truth? A medium is a mesmeric sensitive controlled by spirits unembodied. These spirits are, in the vast majority of cases, attracted by the circle; and in order to elevate and purify our communications we must exercise supervision over those whom we admit to our circle. A medium should be dealt with in the same way as an astronomer would deal with one of his most delicate instruments. He should be isolated from the rude contact of others, seeing that he absorbs their influence, and becomes charged with their active thoughts. He should be protected from anything that can upset the delicate equilibrium which can alone make him a serviceable vehicle for communications. He should even be guarded from mixing with other people, seeing that each human being is surrounded with his own atmosphere, and that the medium, by virtue of his sensitiveness, readily enters into the sphere of those with whom he comes in contact. He should be isolated; kept from the possibility of being dominated by any earthly influence; trained in habits of temperance, sobriety and chastity; placed outside of the range of vulgar temptation, and kept 'unspotted from the world.'

"I think I hear the laugh that greets this statement. A medium is a charlatan, an impostor, who produces one's grandmother for five shillings, a noxious and 'elusive wild beast, to be crushed and trampled out! Yes, I am aware of it. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. It is for this reason that our circles are crowded with phenomena at best equivocal, too often apparently or really fraudulent. It is for this reason that we have such cause to blush for the puerilities and imbecilities, the frauds and tricks that are perpetually being brought to light. The most delicate of all conditions, the most obscure of all subjects, the most fugitive of all phenomena are dealt with on principles that may do for blasting rock or clearing virgin forests, but which defeat their object when applied to cases where precise knowledge and delicate care are the first requisites. The best results will always be obtained in harmonious family circles, where jealousy, mistrust, and the grosser passions find no place. It would seem as if these spiritual plagues take form and shape in some open circles: as if the mental obliquity of some of the sitters caused equivocal phenomena. This is a wide question. Before we can hope to obtain resutls at all commensurate with what is possible, we must learn somewhat of the nature of mediumship and of the conditions under which it may be profitably exercised."

If I am asked again how the phenomena which I record are produced, I must profess my ignorance. I do not know how the simplest phenomena of Nature, so familiar to me, are produced. I have an empirical acquaintance with them and that is all. I do not know how the tulip grows from its bulb, or the rose from its root, or the orchid apparently out of nothing. I do not know equally how a rap is produced, how luminous bodies are created in the seance room, how in vacant space is built up before my eyes a body organized as my own, "with flesh, bones, and all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature." I do not know: I can not tell. But my theoretical ignorance must not be read into my evidence. There I am very clear indeed. I can not explain all mysteries, but I can assuredly testify to facts within my knowledge. About their objective existence I have no doubt whatever, nor any as to the accuracy of my own observation and that of my other witnesses. The facts that I rely upon occurred in a circle of private friends, a scientific gentleman, who started on the inquiry as a Materialist, and ended by an unquestioning belief in the reality of what he witnessed in his own house during a period of more than five years; his wife, his two children, occasionally an intimate friend, and myself. I procured all the books that I could lay hands on and devoured them, getting, I am bound to say, very little out of them. I went to a seance and got at once into relations with a departed friend of marked individuality, whose presence and words were unmistakable.*

The experience gained that evening had more effect on my mind than anything that had affected it before. It set me on a new track, and devoted me to a work which I have never since abandoned. It made a Spiritualist of me. I must not linger over the efforts that I made at the public seances of Herne and Williams to witness phenomena. I found no difficulty after three or four failures in finding plenty of material for thought. I pondered much on what the gift might be that we call mediumship. I soon had an opportunity of making a personal acquaintance with it. As I sat at the table my right arm was seized by some irresistible force and dashed violently up and down in a way that disabled my hand for some days. The object we found was to liberate the force by which Herne was levitated on to the table, and his chair placed so as to rest on the table from the mantelshelf near which he had been sitting.

There came a time then when I found myself able to receive messages from my unseen friends, with whom I had become very well acquainted, by means of automatic writing. By that phrase I mean that my hand was controlled to write matter of which I had no knowledge, as my vocal organs had been controlled to speak that of which I had no knowledge, and as messages had been given to us through the table by raps conveying to us new and true information.

This method of communication has never altogether ceased, though it has been less frequently used, as the opening of the inner faculties of the soul made it less necessary. Clairvoyance and clairaudience have somewhat superseded the written message.

And now as to my deductions. Here I am on speculative ground, and can give you only what these eighteen years have taught me, without any wish to force my conclusions upon any one. Like yourselves I am a learner, and am qualified to teach, and that in a very humble way, only by the accident of access to unusual sources of information. You will be familiar with the truth that Spiritualism brings to each of us what he makes out of it. It is a perplexing problem to many. To some it means only the action of some latent faculties of man's inner nature. The Society for Psychical Research seems to be drifting into the attitude of the Sadducee, believing neither in angel nor in spirit, but only in a sub-conscious self. That is a pity, but can do no particular harm, for angels and spirits will still persist in spite of denial. Occultists of various shades import sub-human spirits, elementals, and elementaries into the question. I am not prepared to say that there are not spirits who are below the level of the lowest man. I do not know. Only I know that there are some whom I have gained knowledge of who are very much on the lowest plane of human nature, as there are some who infinitely transcend it. For myself, I think that the world of spirit that surrounds our earth is sufficiently recruited day by day from all sorts and conditions of men to account for any divergence of character and characteristic we may observe in our invisible friends. With one accord—isolated cases excepted which only prove the rule—they profess themselves to be departed spirits of humanity. Sometimes they offer evidence of the fact which would be sufficient to convince a jury. There is within my own personal knowledge a body of evidence on this point which would suffice to prove it, if the matter were not so unfamiliar, to any reasonable man. The difficulty is that such knowledge books on to no previous knowledge which has been assimilated. If a chemist in his laboratory makes a new combination and discovers a new fact, it is the resultant of what is already known. It is new but not strange. With our facts the reverse is the case. Not only does science know nothing about them, but she does not want to know about them. She regards their discussion as a return to superstition. "It would be a condescension on my part (wrote Faraday) to pay any attention to them," *i. e.*, the facts now proved and generally admitted. "I made up my mind (said Agassiz, member of the Investigation Committee of Harvard University) before coming here that nothing would come of it." (The scientific method this!) "I have settled the question (wrote Herbert Spencer) in my own mind on *a priori* grounds." (Scientific method again!) "Spirit is the last thing I will give in to," said Sir David Brewster. "Supposing the phenomena to be genuine they do not interest me," wrote Huxley. (Yes: the anatomy of a crawfish, but not the examination of evidence for the soul's survival. Protoplasm at one end, but not immortal life at the other!) I might extend my pillory, but it is not necessary. A change has come and is growing apace. One of these days I shall find myself, or someone more competent, addressing an audience at the Royal Institution on Spiritualism: and then the wise men will say, "Oh yes, it is curious how persistent truth is. Why, all this is as old as the hills. We have always believed it."

I must not pause to discuss what constitutes our identity after bodily death. I say only that my own experiences amply prove that death does not kill the Soul, unless I must postulate an elaborate and highly organized conspiracy to cheat and beguile me while teaching me all the time the loftiest and purest doctrines of ethics and religion. Some, I know, can assign everything to a Satan transformed into an angel of light. If he teach others what has been taught to me, I bid him Godspeed. I prefer to tread on surer ground. I know very little of Satan or of angels of light. I know a good deal of my brethren who have preceded me into the Silent Land.

Ever since I penetrated to the core of this subject I have been deeply impressed with some serious considerations regarding it. One is that there is abundant proof of an organized attempt on the part of the world of spirit to impinge on this world of ours. I see in the methods employed a striking similarity to those used at other transition epochs, such, for instance, as the time of the birth and life of the Christ. This I have pointed out at length in my *Higher Aspects of Spiritualism*. With this plan, in one or other of its phases, the earnest student of Spiritualism is brought in contact as soon as he gets behind the mere surface phenomena. And another consideration that time presses more and more strongly on me is that there is an impulse and yearning in some people who are forced into relations with the unseen world which fit them to receive and develop the seed that, falling on more stony ground, would never bear fruit. I believe that receptivity on the part of the inquirer is quite as necessary to success as the psychical gifts of the medium. Yet one more consideration is that there are to be noticed certain epochs in the history of our race when old truths need restating, when the cry of the earnest seeker after truth ascends to the God whose listening ear is attuned to catch the faintest cry, and when the answer comes in the form of a Gospel suited to an age that craves for it. Only in the light of some such explanation can the history of the world's progress be deciphered.

When I first became acquainted with this remarkable development of thought, which has made more progress in forty years than Christianity did in two centuries, I dreamed that it would add one more to the hundred and one sects which are standing answers to the noble prayer, "That they all may be one."

I was mistaken, as those are who forecast the ways that are not as man's ways. Spiritualism is no new sect. It has proceeded by a process of permeation, and has rendered unique service to the cause of religion by adding to faith knowledge. There is nothing in the broad truths which we are taught that is incompatible with what the Church requires us to believe. Indeed, there is nothing in what I have learnt that conflicts with the simple teaching of the Christ, so far as it has been preserved to us. I will not say so much as regards the teaching of some Christian bodies. We hear little of election and eternal punishment, not much of Heaven and still less of hell; but we are told with a blessed iteration that man is the final product of the acts and habits of his daily

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*See Spirit Identity, Appendix V., p. 124 et sq.

Gleanings from my Window Garden.

Editor of the Golden Gate.

An odd heading one may say for a pen, effusion, and I quite agree therewith; yet there is something in it wondrously in harmony with my conceptions of time and place. In the first place, I always occupy a seat by a favorite window, during my pen chats with the outer world, where I am sure beat hearts akin to my own through a like conception of truth.

Cyclatory brothers and sisters are they because they glean from the fullness of the same thought cycle. From my pleasant corner I catch a glimpse of a cloud flecked sky, broad patches of green, and a not wide stream, that is sometimes rippling on to the lake, and sometimes lies still, and, mirror-like, holds pictures of trees and pleasant homes that stand on its farther bank.

All this is inspiring and cheery, to say nothing of our neighbors just over the way, whose truth thoughts are akin to our own. In the second place, I can easily imagine a similarity between thoughts and flowers. A thought of unselfish love holds in its enshrinement the very soul of a rose, while pure, spotless thoughts seem like white lilies, dew gemmed and resplendent. Again, a selfish, unkind thought bespeaks the thistle, while thoughts of sympathy, such as go out to the great world to lighten its woes, give the impression of forgetmenots. Thus it is I give to my written thoughts, that come to me in my cheery corner, their odd heading.

In speaking of flowers and thoughts, and noting the similarity between them, I can but wonder how many who stand on the broader platform of liberal advancement are conscious of sending out to the world, or individual souls, beautiful flowers, born of happy, kindly thoughts. I fear we many times stop not to consider the actual power of the thoughts we do bequeath. Perhaps I am visionary, as medial souls are sometimes thought to be, and perhaps too, I have become deeply sensitive to the unseen; be that as it may, I do sincerely believe the thoughts we send out on their mission, are keenly powerful, to the extent that they tear down or build up, consequently it seems to me we should most conscientiously guard such radiations, that we transmit not what the world knows as disease; besides, I do believe it will be our duty, and one from which we will have no power to escape, to redeem through our growth, every unkind thought child of our brains.

Close work it is to read the white soul condition, where only peace echoes are born in the soul. I believe we have really no right to send to another a hard, bitter thought, even if that one has done what to us seems unjust; besides, in so doing, we fall into the same rut, where the shadows will weave their unsightly meshes.

I have many pleasant communings, first and last, with the dwellers of immortal shores, not through the organism of another, but as dear friends of each might hold converse, and the rare thought pictures thus enshrined in my heart, are never forgotten. I remember while at one time I was receiving and recording thoughts for an ascendant soul, there was suddenly born in my heart a great wonder concerning the unseen world. I had never until that moment given it direct thought, but had grown from childhood to think of it as a realm not far away from earth, and had accepted the belief of many others, that is, that it enfolded the earth, and was a succession of spheres. While yet writing down the transmitted thoughts, it occurred to me that there would of necessity be a peculiar condition of things when the material world should have reached its ultimate, and the law of disintegration should have announced itself for a general house-cleaning time. I could in imagination see the used up world crumble and fall out, leaving nothing except the succession of spheres, which would simply encompass an unoccupied space, for which I could see no special use, unless it could be made to serve as an amphitheatre for the gods, as a mammoth ventilator to the still remaining spheres. In this thought dilemma I suspended my writing, and called for light on the subject that was growing momentarily intricate. Suddenly I seemed borne far away from the earth, and placed where I was conscious only of space, I looked toward the world I had left, and saw that instead of one orb, there were two, one distinctly visible, and luminous, while the other was as in a shadow. I asked no question, for all the air seemed vibrant with thought revealments. I saw the world of light was the true soul world that existed in miniature form, prior to the birth of the material orb. The voice of law said to my higher self, all soul forms do of necessity exist previous to the material counterparts, because it is by virtue of the former that the latter find expression. I saw how through the two-fold action of unfailing law, the soul world grew, being increased in size by the soul-atoms which were borne thither by the handmaid, Evolution, there being with each material atom, a corresponding soul atom. These atoms I learned were the real building material of the immortal hills and vales. The soul world was situated above the material orb, yet in a slant-wise direction, and as I viewed it was in form like unto the planet it seemed to be guarding.

From the south pole of the soul world ran a line of silvery light, touching the material world at the north pole, and this I saw to be the world's electric light, or what is termed the Northern Lights, about which there has been so many queries and decisions. There was still another connection between the two worlds that seemed wedded for yet unnumbered cycles.

From what I will call the Tropic of the soul world, to the corresponding region of the material orb, was a great belt of light, that seemed to glow with loving warmth; this I immediately called the magnetic belt.

As I watched with wonder the two orbs, I could see how in the time to come the lesser world would come out from its shadow, and revolve beneath the light of love and wisdom, and I could see too, that it must all be in keeping with the steady unfoldment of the soul orb, and the great mental power of its redeemed ones who in the loom of time have woven their own immortal robings.

As the soul world begins its succeeding cycle, the earth world will respond, because all is law and order in the Father's province, mistakes never being recorded by the Divine selfhood.

I have never forgotten the beautiful picture thus left in my heart, and since receiving it, my soul seems most truly to have found its anchorage, and as I think of home, my thoughts follow the line of silvery light to the luminous orb in which are centred all the higher laws.

Oh, beautiful world of silvery light,
That never felt the shades of night,
Thy sun-kissed vales and wave-washed strand,
Bespeak the soul's immortal land.
Thither I turn my earth-worn eyes,
And glimpse, 'yond tinted clouds, arise
The domes and spires I erst have seen,
And know that paths of tend'rest green,
Await the coming of my feet;
'Tis thus to me life seemeth sweet,
I mean this life of shine and shade,
Where all fairest tints do fade.
With thee in sight, oh, beauteous land,
I'll climb life's mountains, staff in hand,
Nor fear that which the valleys hold,
For life is love, and time is gold.

Cousin Ruth.

The Sound of Light.

M. Pedros, the young Nantes physician, has given the world his theory as to the color of sound and that sound possesses the attribute of color. He made this discovery through a friend who was endowed with the mysterious faculty of seeing the colors of sound, and who had for a long time not supposed himself to be an exceptional case, believing that everybody possessed the same faculty. Now, on the heels of the discovery that sound produces color, comes the discovery that light produces sound. The following on the subject from fhe *Art Journal* is interesting:

"One of the most wonderful discoveries in science that has been made within the last year or two is the fact that a beam of light produces sound. A beam of sunlight is thrown through a lens on a glass vessel that contains lampblack, colored silk or worsted or other substances. A disc having slits or openings cut in it is made to revolve swiftly in this beam of light, so as to cut it up, thus making alternate flashes of light and shadow. On putting the ear to the glass vessel, strange sounds are heard so long as the flashing beam is falling on the vessel.

"Recently a more wonderful discovery has been made. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce what is called the solar spectrum, or rainbow. The disc is turned, and the colored light of the rainbow is made to break through it. Now, place the ear to the vessel containing the silk, wool or other material. As the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it, sounds will be given by different parts of the spectrum, and there will be silence in other parts. For instance, if the vessel contains red worsted, and the green light flashes upon it, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds will be heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the vessel, and other colors make no sounds at all. Green silk gives sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and utters no sound in others. The discovery is a strange one, and it is thought more wonderful things will come from it."

Psychic Studies (April), has an article on "Justice, Charity and Sympathy," and another on the inexhaustible subject of "The Power and Exercise of the Will," which are suggestive and will repay perusal. Mr. Morton lays it down that the "appellation *Spiritualist*, properly designates only those persons living spiritual lives." This recalls the urgent need for some accurate definitions. In philosophical writings the term *Spiritualist* is used as the exact antithesis of *Materialist*. The latter explains everything from matter, and assumes that material existence is the only reality. The former regards matter as an accident of this life, and views its phenomena from the standpoint of spirit. But in the domain of psychics the word *Spiritualist* has come to bear a new meaning. It is used by specialists to imply a believer in a certain correlated group of phenomena which are attributed to the action of departed spirits of humanity. It corresponds largely to the use of the word *Spiritist* on the Continent of Europe.—*Light*.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can.—*Channing*.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the Golden Gate, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated November 28, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will meet every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., in Fraternity Hall, Pythian Castle Building, Nos. 909½ and 913¼ Market street, between Fifth and Sixth. The hall is commodious and well arranged for this purpose. Strangers and all those interested are respectfully invited to attend.

MRS. F. A. LOGAN'S MEETINGS FOR FREE interchange of Spiritual and Progressive ideas, are held every Sunday at 10 30 A. M., at 909 Market street, St. George's Hall. Also in Oakland at 2 P. M., and 7.30 P. M., in Shattuck Hall, 8th street, and Broadway Oakland. Admission ten cents.

COLLEGE HALL, 106 McALLISTER STREET, W. J. Colville, Lecturer. Public meetings every Sunday, at 10 45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. All seats free. Collection. Public teachings in Spiritual Science every Wednesday and Friday at 8 P. M. Admission 10 cents.

THEOSOPHY.—OPEN MEETINGS OF THE AUrora Lodge of the T. S., for inquirers, are held in Oakland every Sunday at 7.30 P. M., in the Jewish Synagogue, Corner Clay and 13th Streets. All are invited.

UNION SPIRITUAL SOCIETY MEETS EVERY Wednesday evening, at 7:45 o'clock, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111. Larkin street. Good speakers and test mediums will be in attendance every evening.

OAKLAND CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYceum meets every Sunday at 1:30 o'clock P. M., at Fraternity Hall, Oakland, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Everybody receives a welcome.

MASONIC HALL, PARK STREET, CORNER Santa Clara Avenue. W. J. Colville lectures on Theosophy every Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Classes in Spiritual Science, Thursday, 2:45 P. M.

OPEN MEETINGS OF THE GOLDEN GATE Lodge of the Theosophical Society, are held every Sunday at 106 McAllister street, at 1:30. Earnest inquirers cordially invited.

Council G. G. of the T. S.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIAtion of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

OAKLAND SYNAGOGUE, THIRTEENTH AND Clay streets. W. J. Colville lectures every Sunday at 3 P. M. Class instruction every Tuesday, at 2:45 P. M., and Thursday, at 7 45 P. M.

OPEN MEETING.—ON AND AFTER SUNDAY November 11th, at 2 o'clock, a Bible Class will be held at the Home College, 324 Seventeenth street. All will be welcome.

SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet every Sunday at 2 P. M. and 7:45 P. M., at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. All are invited; Admission 10 cents. The Free Library connected with the above, is open every Sunday at 1 P. M.

From the Sun Angels' Order of Light.

Written for the Golden Gate by Spirit Saidie, Leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, through the Scribe for the Sun Angels' Order of Light, Mrs. E. S. Fox

Children of the Order in Earth-land, Greeting:—Saidie would lead each child she loves, through the mists that border the world unseen, that you may for a moment feast your eyes upon the beauty of the world where your loved ones dwell.

Dear children, you have all stood by the side of death's mystery; you have seen the flickering breath, noted the fading pulse, and witnessed the mystic change that told the spirit had flown. Beyond the veil you are scarce able to penetrate, and yet, just out of your sight the spirit stands robed; surrounded with loved ones who bear away to a place of rest. Could the veil be looped aside and you follow the released one, you would see them placed upon a couch where sleep would bring back the tide of life, and from which they waken like one refreshed by slumber, after the toils of the day. Wakening to new life they are led on from scene to scene, pausing in restful arbors; resting under the branches of a tree that throws toward the heavens its arms as do the trees that grow in your earth soil.

Saidie would say here, that the world just beyond your mortal sight, is as real as this, as tangible; and there are paths paved through the spheres, where walk the heaven-born, from earth to far away skies.

A spirit strong and masterful, in wakening to the new life, stops not nor stays in his onward walk to the brighter spheres, where is his home.

There is a knowledge of the inner Being but little realized while dwelling in the mortal, that when free the spirit readily receives, as one remembers half-forgotten events long passed. And many of you who love and accept the thoughts given from the higher life, will not tarry outside the mists that are so near the earth. You will easily and naturally walk the pathways, the angels have made and walked in, from the far away, even down into the valleys of incarnate life. We have carpetted this with the soft moss that grows in the world of spirits; here and there blooms arise and nod upon their graceful stems; these look into the eyes of those who walk thereon with a look that tells of our Father's Love. None are able to walk therein who have not tried to live up to their highest light. There are many rough paths, through which released spirits must walk, and many in which grow thorns and briars planted by the hands of mortals, o'er which the spirit must walk, e'en though with heavy heart and weary feet.

Children of the Order of Light, Saidie would see not one child for whom she labors walk the rough and thorny pathways of the other life. Saidie, and the wise masterful ones in the realms of light, have paved and guarded the pathway o'er which we come and go, and wherein will lead every true hearted child when your walk on earth is done. For this Saidie's messages go forth laden with a love greater than given by an earth-mother to her children. There are no heavy burdens laid upon any, but the simple mandate, keep the inner sanctuary of your souls pure and dwell in harmony and love with the Angels of Light.

True it is, there is an element of strife occasioned by the great war of thought and purpose that exists within the heart and brain of mankind, and finds expression in the written thoughts and ideas scattered broadcast among the people. These open not before your mind the realities you must meet as you pass beyond the mystic gate to enter the pathway you have paved each one for himself, leading to the Beyond.

The world now has need of a strong Power that is able to stem the tide, not only of thought but of purpose, and break through the lines of thought, with knowledge founded upon fact that cannot be destroyed. Many are the wolves in sheep's clothing, who are seeking in every way to substitute their own purpose clothed in glowing colors, and with smooth words, for the truth that will be man's redeemer. This, children, is but the result of a mighty effort made by the enemies of true progress on both sides the river of time, and Saidie grieves to say is sowing thorns in many a path.

Saidie's every effort is exerted to bring her children into a realm of peace, where the sunlight of our Father's Love may bless and cheer, and where you may unfold the spiritual nature, and when again freed from the forms you wear, may walk the soft Angel-paved paths that lead from earth to fair blooming bowers in the soul's sunny home. We are not working to gain honor for ourselves. We are honored and loved in the land that knows no sorrow nor night. We have our well-earned homes far beyond the reach of one breath from earth's dark conditions; we wear our radiant robes; our crowns of wisdom and dwell where all is peace and love. But there are those we love still in the valleys, whose mission to earth is not yet complete.

From our sphere of light we have gladly paved a way to your side. We have our temples within each heart, and we would also leave a legacy to the planet we have watched so long.

Shall not Saidie's words reach every heart, and inspire therein a greater longing for true wisdom, and for that which is beyond all expression, beyond all truth?—growth and unfoldment.

Children, let each day record victory and triumph, and with each setting sun, Saidie's blessings shall fall as falls the dew upon the thirsty flower.

May the blessings of abiding Peace be yours, SAIDIE.

J. B. Fayette, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angels' Order of Light, Oswego, N. Y., April 27, 1890.

William Lloyd Garrison a Spiritualist.

Herman Snow writes thus to the Christian *Register* in regard to the great American abolitionist:

In order to give further completeness to the inquiry recently introduced into your columns in regard to Garrison's religious views, will you allow me to make the following statement from my own personal knowledge?

Early in the year 1853, after having satisfactorily gone through with my own first investigation of the then novel claims of Modern Spiritualism, I published a small volume upon the subject, and also opened a public room in Boston for a further satisfaction of myself and others in regard to the truth and nature of this new claim to the public faith. Here I had a good opportunity to find out the views of several persons of note upon the subject, among whom was Garrison who in his converse in my public hall showed as deep an interest and faith in Spiritualism as the rest of us. He was evidently a sincere believer, a corroboration of which subsequently appeared in the columns of the *Liberator* in an editorial notice of my book, the opening and closing sentences of which were as follows,—the rest of the article being a synopsis of the contents of the volume:

"This is one of the most interesting works which have appeared in relation to spiritual manifestations, and we commend the perusal of it to all candid inquirers upon the subject. . . . The phenomena related as witnessed by Mr. S. are curious, surprising, and inexplicable we think on any other theory than that of independent spiritual agency."

The closing part of the sentence would seem to imply that Mr. G. was at this early stage of the movement a decided and out-spoken Spiritualist. It is true that he did not give special prominence to his belief, as his energies were taxed to the uttermost in his specialty of the anti-slavery reform. But it would be easy to show from the testimony of friends—including Oliver Johnson, who was himself a believer—that to him this new faith was a choice reality, and doubtless it went with him to the end.—*Religio.*

Creeds.

This is the age of revision. Churches are all hurrying to catch up with the world. There is a desire to square ideas with facts, and shape beliefs with knowledge. Religion must suffer in this process. Something will be lost, but only what is bad, false and wrong. Creeds are out of date. They are behind the times. They are the dead leaves from the tree of knowledge, and dead branches on the tree of life. The world's faith is in the living; in the bud, the blossom, the promise of things—not in the husk, the shell, in dead and useless things.

New creeds are to take the place of old ones. What people believe now, not what people believed hundreds or thousands of years ago, must be put into a confession of faith. For a man to profess what his father and mother believed is to make birth useless and existence valueless. We are to live to add to life, not to repeat it. Is theology the only thing that people believe? Is religion the only thing that people put their trust in? A theological creed has to be accepted with the eyes shut. We want a creed of the heart, of the head, of the senses, of the whole man. There is no theology worth believing in. The creed of the church is a gravestone.

If we were to make a creed for the world of man to accept we would make it out of human hearts. We would go where man had helped another; where a woman had sat beside the sick and suffering; where man had been crucified for being true, where he had been burned for being honest; where he had stood against the world protesting against its wrongs and proclaiming the right and where he had fallen with a martyr's crown upon his forehead; and we would write these into a creed, and have man say: I believe in men and women who have lived good lives, who have taken the unfortunate by the hand and lifted up the fallen, who have pardoned a woman's fault, who have showed their love of truth by being true, and who have done right even when they were wronged for so doing.

The grandest life is the grandest creed; and, if man's faith was faith in what has made the world better and brighter and happier, he would be better off than by believing in a God that is cruel, unjust and unkind, and in a heaven where the highest joy is found in laughing at those who are in hell.—*Investigator.*

It was claimed in the meetings attending the celebration of the forty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism recently, that there are 80,000 Spiritualists in Boston alone, many of whom are scattered among the various churches.—*S. F. Examiner.*

All one's life is a music if one touches the notes rightly and in time.—*Ruskin.*

Is Theosophy to Capture Spiritualism?

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Had Hudson Tuttle worded his question in your valuable paper of the 19th inst.: "Is Theosophy to capture Spiritualism," instead of "Are Theosophists to capture Spiritualism," I should at once respond in the affirmative, I should hope so to say the least. Theosophy signifies Divine Wisdom, so you see there is quite a difference between Theosophy and Theosophist. As many construe the term, I would call Hudson Tuttle a Theosophist, or as near one as most men become, because his conclusions come about as near divine wisdom as anything I find.

Charles Dawbarn's common sense Spiritualism is another piece of Theosophy. And may we not hope Theosophy will guide and control the child Spiritualism everywhere until it has grown to the full statue of manhood and womanhood.

I have long felt that the articles from the pen of the editor of the GOLDEN GATE came as near divine truths as I was capable of comprehending and from the many flattering letters he is constantly receiving regarding "Fragments," I should think others were of my opinion.

I read a lecture not long ago, delivered by our worthy brother, W. J. Colville, that hews close to the line of divine wisdom, according to my comprehension; words so fine, so pure, so true, that I wish they could be painted in letters of gold and hung up in every household.

I have also heard spirit voices speaking words of the divinest wisdom, words that it would do well for every son and daughter of earth to give heed to. I have seen words written between slates without the aid of human hands in the flesh, that seemed to me to be words of divine wisdom, and may we not hope then that Spiritualism and Theosophy will be blended into one and the same thing.

The thousand and one absurd doctrines of the professed Theosophists which are but the relic of by-gone ages, dogmas and superstitions of the past are not Theosophy, even if it were understood to be so in the day and generation in which it was given.

Good practical sound sense is good Theosophy any time; do the right as God, our highest conception, gives us to see the right, and we will not be far in error.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, ORE., May 7, 1890.

THE true vision of heaven is a vision of enlarged, progressing, conquering humanity—humanity gaining in power and exulting in the exercise of it. The conditions on which it will be made real are that the individual shall become all he can himself, and be all he can to others.—*O. B. Frothingham.*

GOLDEN GATE.

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MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, - Secretary and Assistant

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890.

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TRIAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the purpose of introducing the GOLDEN GATE to new readers (and believing that they will like it well enough to continue their subscriptions when the time expires), we will send the paper to new subscribers, for four months at the reduced price of 50 cents, postage free. Remittance can be made by postal notes or postage stamps. J. J. OWEN, Manager.

IS IT TRUE?

"Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men than in their own."—We don't know about that; nor could any one be certain that one's judgment is better for other persons than himself, unless it were possible, when so judging, to put one's self in another's place and then attempt to act as he advised. It is very common for one to say,—"If I were in his place, I would do so and so:" "I would do that," or "I would do this." All such expressions are a proof of vanity and thoughtlessness, because if that person were some one else, the one he criticises, for instance, he would do just as that person does, because he would have the same mind and understanding.

We admit that "human nature is so constituted" that it is almost impossible for some not to meddle in the affairs of others; and this is called "judgment" without any possible means of proving it to be so. No one can tell what is best for another to do, because what we call "mistake," is no such thing, but design that fails to meet our expectations, yet still in accord with purposes unseen, and which the passage of time and events will make clearly understood.

The world is full of so-called failures and mistakes, because those who are said to make them, have the courage to live on and battle with adverse fate; while every day the world's unfortunate, in various ranks, grow weary, discouraged, and break the seal of their future destiny. This, we believe is the greatest mistake one really makes in this world.

MRS. HUMPHREY WARD.

The author of "Robert Elsmere" seems to be gathering after-inspiration from her famous book, and is doing what may in the not distant future, win her double renown. A plan is being pursued by which it is intended to establish in London what Mrs. Ward says may be called a university hall, somewhat in imitation of the Toynbee Hall, founded at East End, a few years ago, yet with some marked differences.

The object of the latter will not only be to promote the study of social problems, but to draw together those interested in certain new conceptions of religion and Christianity. It will provide such with a working center where their conceptions may be practically applied to human life, instead of withering under the influence of either controversy or disuse.

Not the least factor in this aim will be the endeavor to promote the scientific study of religion, and to open a new channel for the higher criticism of the Bible of which England as yet has heard so little. The continuous teaching at the hall on the Old and New Testament, the history of Christianity and other religions, the Sunday-school for all classes, rich and poor—these things must all tend to formulate and establish a "gospel of the New Dispensation," which originally with Mrs. Ward was but an ideal conception. What makes this particularly interesting and promising, is the fact that Mrs. Ward herself being the most conspicuous worker in this movement; but she has a strong body of co-workers.

—The Pacific Coast Revision Bureau offers a prize of twenty-five dollars for the best poem of less than twenty-five lines sent in before July 1, 1890. The poems will be passed upon by five competent judges, none but Pacific Coast writers however are eligible to compete. Sixteen poems from among the best will be selected and published in a neat volume together with the prize poem and issued by the Bureau for the holiday season of 1890. Here is an opportunity for some of the GOLDEN GATE's poetic contributors for finding fame. The poems are to be sent to Pacific Coast Revision Bureau, 1419 Taylor street, San Francisco.

—The name of the new paper to be started at Summerland is *The Reconstructor*, not *Reconstructionist*, as our types inadvertantly had it.

THE VICTORY.

The man or woman who seeks to bear the banners of any radical reform, either in Church, State, or social life, often leads a forlorn hope. Many a brave heart and valiant spirit has gone down, not in dishonor, but in honest and noble defeat, before the hosts of ignorance, bigotry and prejudice that barred the way. True, other brave souls have ever been found to raise the fallen standards, and often with the same results. But truth will not die, like error, among her worshippers. "The eternal years of God are hers," and the time must come when all obstacles to her advancement will melt away, and all the world own her as queen supreme.

The champions of our glorious Spiritualism know something of what this struggle means. They know what it means to bear the sneers and suspicions of the skeptic, the frowns of the world-wise, and the emptiness of purse and scrip that laboring in an unpopular cause is very sure to bring. But they know, also, in the light of their philosophy, that these deprivations and hardships, are only for a day, and that they are but trifles as compared with the shriveling and hardening of the spirit that comes of unkind thoughts and uncharitable living. They realize that their day of plenty and of honor will come when the baubles of earth shall be swept aside, and they shall stand in the light and glory of that new and unfolded life that shall be theirs in their home beyond the river.

So, should we take heart of this grand truth, that true manhood, "over there," is not measured by mortal standards; that the worldly advantage man dies to gain here, and which he selfishly hopes long to enjoy, will prove of not the least value to him when he is called hence.

There is a specter that stands at the elbow of all mortals,—the specter of Death,—which to those who live for the highest ends and aims of being, becomes an Angel of Deliverance. We dread death only in proportion as we live to an unworthy purpose here. After all, how truly insignificant and small is this brief span of mortality, that is bounded by the cradle and the grave, as compared with the vast cycles, the countless æons, that lie beyond.

The victory is in the final and eternal outcome of the battle, and not in the brief and uncertain skirmish of a day.

"MAN'S WEAKNESS."

These words frequently head the day's record in the daily papers of arrests for drunkenness. "Man's weakness," indeed! but what man's weakness? Not his alone who reels into the clutches of the law, but the man who casts a vote for open saloons; the man who can drink without getting drunk, and thinks no one is a gentleman who can not do the same thing.

The man's weakness, who decries the corner groggery, yet sees virtue and good citizenship in the gilded high-licensed saloon, wherein congregate the well-dressed young men of respectable parents, whose hearts they are breaking, and whose whitening heads they are bowing in sorrow.

The man's weakness who talks about the freedom and rights of all men, without considering the fact that no class of men have such rights as have the weak against the strong; and when these are not accorded by state or municipal law, its result is the degradation of a class that, under a protective system, might be, to say the least, sober, industrious and useful men to the community.

But saloons are licensed by the above class of weak men, and this class is morally the weakest of all, because they know the injury they do and will not speak their convictions. The saloons exist, and the intellectually weak become their victims; they are arrested and re-arrested, and soon become paupers of the country. If they have families, those suffer in many ways, because a prison or jail record is never effaced from an earthly life. The fruits of the whisky traffic are higher taxes, greater poverty and increased crime. But all that some men see of the business is the police record, and only the wrong side of that.

HELIGOLAND.

There are occasional spots on our earth in such states and conditions of moral and social excellence, as to keep in sight the ideal world of which philosophers have written and poets have sung. In our own country one of these is in Maine, another in New Jersey, a third in California, and so on; but none of these surpass the reputation of the British colony of Heligoland, which from all accounts possesses perfect immunity from the cares and distresses of larger places.

The Governor's report of recent issue, shows that last year's revenue was the largest ever collected on the Island, considerably exceeding the expenditure; that the deposits in the savings bank equalled half a sovereign per head of the population. That there had been in the year only nine summary convictions, and not one person committed for trial.

"Serious crime" is said to be almost unknown in Heligoland. With no crime, no disease, and no debt and no drunkenness, in a population of twenty-five hundred souls!

A GRAND OVATION.—That sweet evangel of Spiritualism, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, was made the recipient of a grand ovation and surprise on the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, by her faithful flock in Chicago. The celebration was held in Martin's Hall, which was filled to over-flowing with loving friends of the fair teacher. The hall was also beautifully decorated with flowers, and many congratulations were received. It was an evening of eloquent speech and tender, loving expression and appreciation of one of our grandest and noblest workers. There was also a very substantial remembrance in the form of a purse, containing one thousand dollars, which had been gathered up from friends in different parts of the country—friends of Mrs. Richmond—who were only too glad of this opportunity to contribute to so worthy a cause. May our good sister have full fifty more of just such glad and happy returns of the natal day; and for fifty years to come may she still be found with face Zion-ward, in the front rank, holding high aloft the white banner of Truth, which shall be a beacon light to other feet over the dark mazes of materialism into the true light of Spiritualism.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—An able paper from the cultured pen of Dr. Allen Griffiths, on "Phases of the Present Hour," will appear in our next issue.

—Mrs. A. D. Webster, a bright spiritual soul and a fine medium for the invisibles, passed on to spirit life from Chicago, on the first instant, at the age of 37. Mrs. Webster was a daughter of Dr. C. S. Scott, formerly of this city.

—The Congregationalists have resolved to expunge the "descent into hell" from the Apostles' Creed. The Congregationalists are to be congratulated upon this indication of growth. Their elder brothers are just now wrestling manfully with the horrid doctrine of infant damnation.

—Dr. Albert Morton and "Scissors," in whose hands we intrusted the literary and spiritual fate of the GOLDEN GATE during our recent trip to the North, performed their tasks so admirably that we shall not blame our readers for any suggestion or advice to leave again soon and remain away longer next time.

—G. W. Kates and wife, will accept engagements west of the Rockies for the following Fall and Winter season. They desire to hear from any locality where they can engage for week nights or Sundays. Terms very liberal. Their address is 2919 Olive Tt., St Louis, Mo., during May. At Topeka, Kansas, June and July.

—Mrs. Ada Foye is still in Denver, where she is likely to remain for several months to come. She is under engagement to "The College of Spiritual Philosophy," and is doing a grand work, as she always does, wherever she demonstrates her mediumship. We wish we had more like Mrs. Foye in our ranks whose medial powers were as unspotted.

—The sane man who takes his own life, to evade some real or imaginary trouble, leaving a loving wife and helpless children to battle with the hard world alone, commits an act of moral weakness and cowardice quite as reprehensible as that of one who should jump over the fence to save his own life and leave his family to the mercy of an enraged bull.

—We have received from Geo. S. Pidgeon, San Diego, Cal., the first 180 pages of proof sheets of a new work, edited and published by him, entitled, "Spiritualism and Spirit Phenomena in 1707; Being an Epitome of Facts, Phenomena and Spirit Messages, Taken from 'Lacy's Warnings.'" This promises to be a highly interesting work, which we shall refer to again hereafter.

—Dr. Nellie Beighle leaves to-day, Saturday, for a week's outing to Fresno county. She goes as the guest of that grand soul, Mrs. E. F. Sutherland. During her absence her office at 37 Flood Building will be overhauled and renovated for the better comfort of the many patients of the "little Doctor," whose first thought is for their welfare. She will be on duty at her post of honor Monday, May 26th.

—Col. Bundy, of the *Religio-Ph.-Journal*, in a pleasant chat with his readers, announcing the 25th anniversary of the *Journal*, says: "On the "31st of this month the JOURNAL will appear in "entirely new dress, and in different form. The "paper after that date will be reduced in page-"size and the number of pages increased to six-"teen. It will be much more artistic in appear-"ance than at present, and will contain a trifle "more reading." He further says: "Hereafter "it will devote itself, in so far as practicable, to "purely constructive work." Thus may the *Journal* become a mighty upbuilder in the cause of Spiritualism.

—The Ramsdel Sisters—who does not know them? One is a helpless invalid from inflammatory rheumatism, the other, almost helpless from ill health, has the care of the former. They—especially the invalid—is a medium, and has published several works in the interest of Spiritualism. They are now struggling to raise the means to go back to friends in Ohio, and have succeeded within $20. They want to start on Tuesday next; but how to raise the money is worrying the life out of the poor sisters. Say, brothers, can't we help them on their journey? Any sum left at this office, before Monday evening next will be most thankfully received by them. Theirs is truly a hard case.

—The *Esoteric*, a monthly magazine devoted to the uplifting of humanity and leading man into the true understanding of his higher self, has changed editorial management. Mr. Chas. H. Mackay has been chosen by the Publishing Company in the place of Mr. Severy, resigned. The new Editor says: "The editorial chair has come unsought, but our readers may rest assured that under the new regimen every opportunity will be improved to further the interests of this magazine and the work in general." We wish the new management all success, which undoubtedly the *Esoteric* will have; there is an increasing demand for literature pertaining to soul-culture of which the *Esoteric* is an able exponent. Sample copies will be sent free to all applicants. Address Esoteric Publishing Company, 478 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

MRS WHITNEY IN PORTLAND.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the renowned medium, is meeting with marked success in Portland, judging from our correspondent C. A. Reed, and also from a dignified account in the *Orgeonian*. Of course this is just as we were certain it would be; we have had so many personal experiences with Mrs. Whitney that we *know* whereof we speak. Among other things the *Oregonian* says in speaking of the meeting:

"Mrs. Whitney is a very pleasant appearing woman about forty years of age, and has a soft, sympathetic and well-modulated voice. After telling how she came to believe in Spiritualism, she having been one of the most confirmed skeptics prior to the death of her son, who afterwards revealed himself to her, and made clear to her how he came to his death, a matter that had been concealed from her, she went into a trance and begun to call the names of different spirits together with the names of those in the audience the spirits desired to communicate with. She not only gave the names of the dead, but in many instances told how and when they had died, and the relationship existing between them and different ones in the audience. Whether Mrs. Whitney really communicated with the unseen world or whether matters were "fixed" as they sometimes are at horse races, she managed to hit the nail on the head about every time."

THE RELIGIOUS WAR.

From past indications it has been supposed that when religious strife commenced in earnest, it would be among the smaller factions of religious bodies and in obscure places and among lesser lights of the Church. It is not turning out that way, however. The trouble has begun in the high councils of Christian work, and in the most popular pulpits of the day. Note the cross-purposes of the Chicago rival conferences; the most disgraceful proceedings at the session of the Oregon Conference, resulting in a division of the Evangelical Church at Albany. All adopted measures for an amicable re-union having failed, a lawsuit will be instituted at once for the recovery of Church property, appropriated by the anti-Bowman faction. Bishop Bowman, recently suspended from Chicago, proposed to open the Conference, but was opposed when a physical contest ensued for the possession of the officer's chair, with the above result.

Yet, these affairs seem not so deplorable as that the two greatest divines of the British metropolis should publicly abuse each other: Rev. Dr.'s Parker and Spurgeon, if their sayings of each other do not belie their feelings, are so far from brotherly love that something stronger than words seems liable to pass between them. When Christians fall out, who can blame sinners for fighting?

DRAWING THE LINES.

The demands of labor and capital are very much like "tit for tat." The latter is doing some fine reckoning on its own account, and will doubtless make labor feel the value of some things not before considered, but which, we dare say it will take kindly, so long as it gains its own demands.

An instance of the foregoing is the case of a big Eastern knitting mill, which has made a calculation that the shoe-strings of a working girl will come untied on an average of three times per day, and that a girl will lose about fifty seconds every time she stoops to retie them. As most of the employes have two feet, that entails a loss of three hundred seconds a day for each girl. The number of girls is about four hundred, therefore the proprietor finds that forty-three million, eight hundred thousand seconds are wasted in course of a year, which time, at the average rate of wages, is worth nine hundred forty-three dollars and seventeen and one-half cents.

The result of the calculation has been an issue of an order that girls must wear only buttoned shoes, or Congress gaiters, under penalty of discharge. As there is nothing to prevent colds in the head at certain times, we shall expect next to to see a computation of the time consumed in the use of handkerchiefs, and a corresponding reduction of wages based thereon.

Shattuck Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

The meeting at Shattuck Hall, corner 8th and and Broadway streets, Oakland, in the afternoon at 2:30 was participated in by nearly all present. Mrs. Logan has the faculty of conducting a meeting in the interest and development of all. Mr Hyde sang beautifully "Gentle Words," with piano accompaniment, and made appropriate remarks. Mrs. George related an interesting experience. Dr. McGee, of San Francisco, seconded Mr. George's remark with regard to undeveloped spirits taking possession of mediums to be assisted by them but sometimes in their effort drag the medium down instead of elevating themselves. Mrs. Turner gave tests and read mediumistic persons; Captain Brown and Mr. Paulson spoke. Mrs. Lydia Ann Otto, test medium, gave some tests.

The evening meeting was largely attended; after an invocation ond brief address by Mrs. Logan, Mr. Pattison, Prof. Ewens and Mrs. C. S. Myers gave many tests. Meeting adjourned to meet at same place next Sunday at 2;30 and 7;30.

St. Andrews' Hall.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Union Meeting was held as usual last Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock. The meeting began with a song by the audience, after which Mrs. Scott-Briggs gave a short reading. Dr. Harlow Davis followed, giving tests for about forty-five minutes from the platform, all being received and recognized by those receiving them. After a few remarks by Mrs. Miller, acknowledging a test given at a previous meeting by the guides of Mr. Davis, and a song by the audience, Mrs. D. N. Maxwell came forward, and after a few remarks, gave a number of tests, all being received and recognized by the receivers. Mrs. Maxwell has a fine band of guides for platform work. After the usual notices by the Secretary, Mr. Clemments gave a number of fine tests from the platform. He is getting to be a very good test medium. The meeting closed at 10 o'clock to meet again next Wednesday evening, at 111 Larkin street. All invited.

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Children's Progressive Lyceum which has been meeting at 909 1-2 Market street, in its truest effort, as indeed any lyceum, is seeking to establish those harmonies with spiritual truths as the great strength of its effort.

On Wednesday evening several of the workers met at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Nicholls, No. 109 Eighth street, where they discussed a variety of subjects promotive of lyceum usefulness. Among these was music; and on Sunday morning some assembled at the hall at 9:30 o'clock, in order to win the younger members to take more interest in the singing, through the older members becoming a little more interested themselves. In this same direction a meeting will be held at the residence of W. F. Muhlner, Jr., No. 30 Fell street, on Thursday evening of this week, and it is hoped that in the future 9:30 each Sunday morning will find several present to rehearse some of the music.

The regular session of the Lyceum was well attended, and the conductor, Mrs. A. L. Ballou, with the older members, succeeded in persuading several of the pupils to give performances or well selected words of wisdom. Some of the latter were particularly good from the youth groups. The other exercises included song: "Buttercups and Daisies," little Eva Ashworth; "Little Bud in the Sky," by a very little girl, Lillian Holmes; duet: "Lily Dale," Daisy Simpkins and Ida Gilbert; recitation: "The Prayer," Ethel Miller; recitation: "Teaching Public School," Willie Pamperin; song: "The man up in the tree," Violet Holmes; song: "The Golden Rule," Gertie Grant; recitation: "The Hand that rocks the Cradle," Russell Lincoln. Upon the general subject: "What should we read and what should we not Read," there was contributed several replies with some information from adults. For next Sunday the subject will be: "The language of Flowers."

At the conclusion, the prizes selected were distributed to those who had sold the largest number of tickets for the April entertainment. The first prize, a book on elocution, was awarded to Leo Willis Reed, while Abbie Pamperin received a pair of bangle bracelets, and John Hitchcock, a silver napkin holder, both of them being entitled to a prize. It is believed that a reward will also be given in the same manner to those who sell the largest number of tickets for the May entertainment which will be held on May 31st, in the same place, 909 1-2 Market street.

The advisability of holding a picnic has been considered irregularly at times, but the Wednesday evening meeting put the matter in such shape that on Sunday a delegation of adult members visited the Oakland Lyceum to see if they desired to, unite in a joint picnic of both bodies, to be held at some grove convenient to the city.

The Oakland Lyceum appointed a committee to confer with their visitors, but nothing definite was done. There is little doubt, however, but that both Lyceums will hold a picnic this season, if they do not hold a joint one; and many guests will be in attendance who are not members of either Lyceum.

W. J. KIRKWOOD.

Progressive Spiritualists.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

The Progressive Spiritualists held their meeting in Metropolitan Temple, Washington Hall being too small to comfortably seat the crowds who wish to listen to the eloquent lectures now being given by Moses Hull, of Chicago, who, for convincing argument, earnestness, and facts, has not been equalled here, especially in his explanations of the Bible. Prof. Eckman has been engaged as organist, and Miss Belle Hobson, a fine soprano, will sing each afternoon and evening, making an attraction the trustees hope will be appreciated, as they aim to have these meetings the best that can be had, as regards talent. Mr. Hull's subject for the afternoon was "The Gods of the Bible and of Heathen Mythology; Are They the Spirits of the Dead?"

In the evening, the subject for the lecture was "The Progress and the Work of Spiritualism." Both lectures were received with applause throughout the delivery. As Mr. Hull's stay with us is limited, we hope no one will fail to hear him, at least once while here. The subjects for lectures next Sunday will be found in Sunday morning's papers.

MRS. S. B. WHITEHEAD, Sec'y.

Circle of Harmony.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The following speakers and mediums entertained the large audience in St. George's Hall, 909 Market street, last Sunday at 10:30 A. M. After an invocation and remarks by Mrs. Logan and music by Mrs. Cook and Rutter, Mr. Wheeler gave a fine address in favor of materialization; Mrs. Wheeler gave several grand tests. Mr. Dean and Mr. Wilkinson spoke in trance; Mrs. Cressy came in from the Lyceum and sang "Love's Dream," with piano accompaniment to the delight of the audience; Mr. Friander spoke in favor of Spiritualism and its twin sister "Nationalism." All the exercises were interspersed with good music. Meeting will be resumed next Sunday.

—Our papers are now mailed by machinery, each printed name showing the time to which the subscription is paid. Subscribers will please examine the same, and kindly act on any reasonable suggestion they may gather therefrom!

Mrs. Nickless in Oakland.

Editor of Golden Gate:

The afternoon and evening meeting at California Hall, are well patronized and despite the beautiful weather for outings, many prefer hearing from their loved ones who have passed to the higher life.

The evening services were opened with song, "Catch the Sunshine." The guides of Mrs. Nickless spoke from these words, "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say forgive one another." The lecture was logical and reasonable, and a somewhat different version of the old saying, that has been preached from the pulpits of the Christian Church.

In speaking of the murderer and capital punishment, the speaker said, the real murderer, nine time out of ten was the mother of the one committing the deed. He was sorry to find so many who professed to believe in the spiritual philosophy to still adhere to the punishment of death to the unfortunate and weak ones, who are not to be blamed for their weakness in having taken the life of another. As long as capital punishment existed as a penalty for crime we were heathens,—as Spiritualists worse than heathens; as we know that depriving one of an existence in the body does not destroy their power; but in fact, many times gave them greater power and more opportunities to reek their vengeance on mortals still in earth life. Educate your criminals. Educate your mothers; show them the great responsibility that rests upon them, and how pure every thought and act should be while in motherhood.

Many descriptions were given, and after the meeting closed many pressed around Mrs. Nickless thanking her for the communications they had received from their loved ones.

Next month Dr. and Mrs. Nickless will go South, their first stop being San Diego. We are sorry to lose such workers for the Cause. They have done a grand work in Oakland, and will long be remembered.

We learn it is the intention to continue the meetings at California Hall under the management of Mr. Hill the presiding officer. R.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney at the Tabernacle.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I have often remarked that I have never seen two mediums whose phase of mediumship was alike. Mrs. Whitney is no exception to this rule. I do not remember ever meeting with a platform test medium who could speak as well in a normal condition as this lady can. Her manner is so pleasing and natural that one never tires, and would be glad to have her keep right on telling her experience for the whole evening.

The large and intelligent audience that sit so still that you could hear a pin drop, is proof of my assertion. But if one is pleased with her speaking while in a normal condition, they are spell-bound when the spirit controls, and she becomes entranced.

This evening she gave some seventy fine tests, a large number of which were readily recognized by the recipients. In every instance names were given in full, and generally a heartfelt soulful message, came with the names. Some of her tests were startling in the extreme. Wonderful indeed is revealment from the spirit side of life.

She speak again at the Tabernacle next Sunday evening. C. A. Reed.

Portland, Ore., May 11, 1890.

Mrs. Briggs' Meetings.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Another successful meeting was held last Sunday evening, at Metaphysical College, 106 McAllister street, under the direction of Mrs. Briggs. There was a very large attendance, and the floral offerings were many and beautiful. The meeting was opened with a vocal solo by Mrs. Clarke, entitled, "Guardian Angels," which was very appropriate. Prof. Butler, the learned scientist and eminent scholar, was then introduced, and delivered a very fine lecture on "The Spiritual Development of Man," which was listened to with great interest by the audience.

Harlow Davis then came forward and occupied the platform for an hour and a half, giving a large number of very remarkable tests, all of which were fully recognized. He has certainly attained a wonderful development; in many instances he gave full names and described scenes and incidents that had taken place in the homes of several only a few hours previous. Mr. Clements then gave a number of tests which were recognized. The audience then joined in singing the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," after which the meeting was dismissed. The best of feeling prevailed and everyone expressed themselves as having spent a very enjoyable evening. Meeting next Sunday as usual. Reporter.

The Spiritist who professes Spiritualism and practices hypocrisy, is as simple as the ostrich that covers his head to conceal his body, and is easily detected by the Psychic; the psychometrist reads between the lines of the printed page. The Churchist who says, "Thou God seest me," and lives the life of a Pharisee, gives the lie to his profession. God will call him to account when the god within wakes up.—*Psychic Studies.*

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Natural Theology.

BY WM. F. EVERTS.

UNFORMED ENTITY AND UNCREATED CONSCIOUS BEING.

First—Boundless space is an unformed entity; always was and ever will be eternal.

Second—According to a true principle of science, there is no vacuum in nature; therefore, boundless space must necessarily be filled with an uncreated, etherialized, sensitive, conscious essence, or intelligent, spiritual matter, embracing infinite wisdom, power, love, and other attributes, thus constituting the eternal, omnipresent, creative spirit of the deity.

It is difficult to understand the principle through which primitive, atomic matter, possesses the faculties of sense, reason, knowledge, power, and other attributes, unless these faculties are considered to be the eternal, inherent attributes and properties of etherealized spiritual matter. All the attributes of the deity are self-existing principles, and eternal laws upon which He formed, sustains and governs the vast universe.

It is difficult for the finite mind to understand the nature of the eternal creator of all things. To clearly comprehend the attributes and infinitude of the Great Architect of the vast universe, we must study his works:

"That elder scripture, writ by the hand of God."

Behold! the beautiful flowers, they are Nature's floral language, expressive of the wisdom and love of the creative deity; also we should endeavor to conceive of boundless space; then consider that the eternal spirit of the Deity extends and operates throughout infinite space, "For the deity is a being, whose center is everywhere and whose circumference nowhere." Boundless space is the sensorium of the Deity. He embraces the universe in His Almighty arms, and effulgent suns are as pebbles in His hands, and their revolving planets as grains of sand.

All planetary systems are embodied thoughts of the eternal Creator, revolving through the infinite mind of the soul of the universe. With vivid lightning the Deity writes His name upon the etherial sky, and proclaims it with the voice of thunder.

"God is love;" He can not hate. Not an angry emotion ever ruffled the eternal serenity of His infinite spirit. We need not fear God; He loves us as His children; protects and guides us by day, and nightly. We safely repose on the bosom of the Divinity, our Father God.

"He warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Prartham, N. Y., May 1, 1890.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

Dear Dr. Dobson: It becomes a duty, as well as pleasure, to make due acknowledgement to you of the benefit my husband has received from your treatment. For six weeks previously, he had been sick with pain in the head, face and eye. We used such remedies and appliances as are usually administered, but without effect. Finally he grew so bad that we called in an allopathic physician, the best in town, who used his medical skill to no purpose as he steadily declined. He maintained that one eye must be removed to save the other, etc,; but his remedies only made him worse. Husband himself, friends and the doctor all despaired of his life, as a steady decline at his age, sixty-nine years, terminates usually at the grave. But I and one other faithful friend would not give up yet. So upon his suggestion I wrote you. A perfect diagnosis was given; remedies sent promptly and treatment begun. He had not been using your medicine and magnetized paper four days till a change for the better was manifested, and his improvement is such, that now, after two months he considers himself well—better, in fact than for twenty-five years. He has some hopes that sight may be in some degree restored to his eye. Whether it is or not, you and your band of healers have accomplished great things for him and we are truly grateful. He might have been saved much suffering had we employed you sooner. Blessings attend you.

F. E. P. Malcolm.
N. Malcolm.

Glidden, Iowa.

P. S. My husband's recovery is a great surprise to his family and neighbors, and they cannot account for it; but to me, a Spiritualist, it is no mystery. You are doing a noble work. Continue working in harmony with nature's laws. People should be taught what those laws are and how they operate. Truly, F. E. P. M.

[Note. Having carefully copied the above from the original and read it by copy we can testify to its correctness. We can also testify to the truthfulness, honesty and intelligence of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm.]

See add in another column.

Spiritualism in New Zealand.

Editor of Golden Gate.

I take this opportunity of informing your readers of the progress that the beautiful truths of Spiritualism are making here in New Zealand. Last July (1889), a few energetic, ardent Spiritualists, met and resolved to form an association, and which now bears the name of "Society for Psychic Culture;" 2s for gentlemen and 1s for ladies is charged as entrance fee, and 1s per month per member as subscription, so you see we purpose keeping the financial portion of the working as much in the background as possible. We have at present over seventy-five members, and which number is increasing weekly. We hold our meetings on Sunday evenings, when every member is allowed to bring *one friend only as visitor*, thus keeping it select and private, until such time as we feel strong enough to admit the outside public. We are rich in sensitives, our principal one (Mr. W. Rough), being trance, clairvoyant and clairaudient, through whose organism we receive some most beautiful teachings from high intelligences, among which, I am proud to say, is Saidie, one of the Sun Angels' Order of Light of your country. She has established a branch of the order in our midst, and she meets her loved ones every Thursday evening from 8 P. M. to 9 P. M., when she speaks to each and all with tenderness and love. There are about sixteen in this circle, and we have another circle sitting on Wednesday evening for physical phenomena in conjunction with Thursday, and, when fully developed, Saidie has given her word to endeavor to materialize before us. That, Mr. Editor, is a thing devoutly to be desired, as it would bring those outside to think of those things pertaining to the better world. Another beautiful control is one named "The Sage," also, I understand, a member of the S. A. O. of L.

Our sensitive is sometimes controlled by a North American Indian, who takes the chimney off the lamp, in an almost red-hot state, and puts it to his face, and handling it with impunity. I have also seen him place both hands into a glowing fire, and take up a large piece of hot ember, hold it in his hands and blow upon the same, then throw it away, because it was not sufficiently hot.

We have also a lady sensitive, who is controlled by high intelligences. Our spirit doctor has performed some wonderful cures among our friends, and Professor Denton comes to us almost every Sunday, amongst a host of others. If you care, I will send you a report now and then, showing our progress; also a copy of our rules. I enclose copy of extracts from report of last Sunday:

The seance was preceded by a solo, "Calvary," by Miss Wooldridge, with beautiful effect. Mrs. Farquhar, controlling the sensitive, Mr. W. Rough, stated that several new controls would speak during the evening. A lady sensitive, Mrs. Baker, was controlled by Frances Ridley Havergill, a well-known authoress, who said that we (the society), are doing a great work. Spirit Wooldrige, Miss Wooldridge's mother), afterwards described a beautiful vision, shown by spirit Meredith, who is known as "Grannie," of the habitation of spirits. The sensitive, then placing her chair at the table, was influenced by spirit Longfellow, the poet, who wrote the following verses:

God, when He breathed His living breath,
Breathed lasting life. Decay and death
Are of *thy* life. O golden years
That rise *above* regret and tears;
Above the mist, the pain, the gloom,
Thy Father calls thee: "Come!"

His children—tell thy soul this truth,
And it will gain undying youth,
And all thine age, thy weakness fall
Like Autumn leaves. The Spring with all
Its freshness, shall thy days inspire,
Children—*His* children: come up higher.
—*Longfellow.*

The controls (through Mr. Rough), then took up the subjects chosen for the evening. Our lady sensitive was again controlled by "Grannie," who showed us the necessity of prayer, it bringing those who wish to aid us, so much nearer. Our old friend, Pat Riley, closed the seance.

Yours fraternally,
John M. Park, Hon. Sec'y.
Dunedin, Otago, N. Z., April 17, '90.

Advice to Mediums.

Psychic Studies.

"He wisest is who only gives,
True to himself, the best he can;
Who, drifting in the winds of praise,
The inward monitor obeys;
And with the boldness that confesses fear
Takes in the crowded sail, and
LETS HIS CONSCIENCE STEER."
— *Whittier.*

Two serious obstacles confront nearly every young medium in the early stages of development, when the control of unseen influences first enables him to give messages of cheer and instruction, or to present phenomena which are evidences of an invisible, intelligent power, inexplicable by known mundane laws. The first is the flattery of unwise, injudicious earthly friends or investigators; the second is the ignorance of the friendly, and the syren allurements of unscrupulous or tricky spirits, who have not risen above the low planes of thought and action of earth lives.

The medium who is directed and protected by wise spirit guides will avoid the Scylla and Charybdis of flattery and self-conceit, and thus guarded is prepared to become a noble instrument under angelic guidance, in doing the work of a divinely appointed mission. All mediums will find the advice in the preceding lines by the noble poet of Freedom helpful as a rule to be strictly adhered to in all mediumistic pursuits. When flattered by friends, *beware!* "Take in the crowded sail and let the conscience steer." The flattery of injudicious friends, and the extravagant promises of unwise and unscrupulous spirits, who frequently assume great names, and hold forth alluring prospects of grand future attainments, far beyond their powers of fulfilment, only foster delusive hopes which result in disappointment. Deliver us from such friends and counsellors!

Many mediums have been flattered by spirits and mortals until they have become so inflated with self-conceit as to cause the withdrawal of the higher influences, leaving them the prey of their own unbridled lust for applause, and of spirits of a character similar to their own. Among this class are the self-crowned saviors, the mediums who claim to be directly inspired by God, or at least by the most prominent apostles or ancients. Many of the sensationalists are advocating a fantastic Theosophy, and inconsistently teach that spirit communion is a delusion, and that what is generally considered angelic ministrations is merely the trickery of soulless Astral shells which have been abandoned by the souls formerly inhabiting them. A large number advocate the rehash of ancient theories of transmigration of souls, which teaches that spiritual progression depends upon an indefinite number of material, carnal embodiments; and many gravely promulgate puerile, childish myths of elementary spirits, gnomes of the underground world, and similar rubbish—the debris of the superstitions of antiquity.

Mediums desirous of attracting elevated spirits should shun the psychological influences of mortals or spirits who proclaim such fallacious doctrines, as they would a pestilence; for such teachers are doing more to cast discredit upon the grand truths of pure spiritualism than the combined efforts of scientific materialists and bigoted theologians.

Elevated spirits do not require mediums to surrender their reason; on the contrary, they advise that every new thought be tested in the crucible of reason, and that it be rejected if not in accordance therewith; but the control of domineering spirits claiming the names of celebrities, who present unreasonable theories in a dictatorial, "thus saith the spirit," manner, demanding unquestioning compliance with their commands, must be rejected by all mediums as debasing, and inconsistent with self-respect. Humility is a distinguishing feature of all true greatness and wisdom. The higher phases of mediumship are educational and uplifting, and never conflict with individual growth; they are potent agencies in the cultivation of spirituality, whereby the medium can rise above the grossness of sensuous environments, and attain to a condition of atoneness with elevated beings, and become the recipient of their inspirations, which flow in like a still, small voice, penetrating the soul, and lifting it to closer relations with the divine fountains of love and wisdom, which are ever open to aspiring minds.

It is of vital importance that sensitives study the laws of magnetism, and avoid sitting in inharmonious or promiscuous gatherings. Unless mediums are well protected by wise and strong guides, the practice of sitting under inharmonious conditions will only result in magnetic depletion, or spiritual deterioration. There is no standing still in mediumship—progression or retrogression is inevitable. Any associations or concessions which have a tendency to lower the spiritual standard must be carefully avoided, even at the cost of misunderstanding, or alienation of professed friends, for there is no growth in any relations which can only be maintained by the sacrifice of self-respect and self-justice. The medium who, from love of approbation, submits to unreasonable demands of investigators, or strains to please rather than to instruct, will "grieve the spirit;" the higher influences will withdraw, leaving them to gain lessons by painful experiences; and disastrous results are sure to follow—loss of standing, and the respect of those whose approval is valuable. Some of our platform test mediums "but make the judicious grieve," and would do well to heed Hamlet's advice to the players: "For there be of them, that will of themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh, too; though in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villianous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that makes it."

Mrs. Richmond on Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is not afraid to have God in the Constitution. Neither is it afraid to have God left out of the Constitution; for the God of Spiritualism is not a jealous God, is not an angry God, is not a revengeful God, and can inhabit the Constitution of the United States without the name being there. Spiritualists are not afraid of religion as a rule; neither are they afraid to not have the name mentioned for fear people will not think they are religious. It is not necessary for true piety to be labelled. True religion, like virtue, expresses itself, and they are perfectly willing that God's works shall declare His name; traced in burning letters upon the starry skies, visible in the movements of the Heavenly bodies; swaying in the winds and waves, and moving words; and they are perfectly willing that the human life and the human spirit shall testify of God. If we speak the name of God clothed in any mystic syllables, or language, or word, it is our privilege; but we do not even advise you to do so; you must speak as you feel, as you think! It would be blasphemy to rise or bend in prayer if God is not upon your lips from within.

Spiritualism needs no altars with mystic symbols and signs inscribed there, for its altars are the hearts of men and women, its shrine is humanity, its temple is the universe of love and truth, it declares God's name in the loving works of human hands. Oh, how ashamed the great world must be that not only uses the all hallowed name of God in vain, with all the wrongs and ravages of humanity perpetrated in that name, but breathes the sacred name of Christ beneath battlemented towers, and sends forth its armed myrmidons of powers to conquer the world with bayonets, and still breathing the name of Christ. Let us have no name at all, but let us breathe that spirit which will weave its own name into the hearts and lives of humanity. Let us single out this fair land of the west, this bright and beautiful future republic of the world, as the one nation, at least, that has grown to the knowledge of serving God without blasphemously placing His name in the laws when the nation did not serve Him. When we grow to love God, as we may, the land will be full of beauty and the world will be full of peace. When we grow to serve God, as we may, poverty, and want, and sin, and shame, and human oppression will depart; then far above these petty disputes of bigots, far above the terrors and fears of men, the names of those noble patriots will stand, who, loving humanity, served God in spirit and set the example for the nation to follow.—*The Weekly Discourse.*

Manifestations at Home.

At one end of my library table, out of foot-reach, we generally kept a vacant cane-seated chair, with which my little spirit son and his companions took great delight in imitating the rocking of a cradle. In answer to our request, the children would move the chair a slight distance from the table, and while we repeated the nursery rhymes, "Rock a bye, baby," etc., the chair would be gently rocked upon its hind legs without human contact, and when the catastrophe was reached—"Down came the baby and all,"—the chair would be thrown violently upon the floor, and frequently several feet away. Desiring to test the power on one occasion, when the chair was standing in plain sight away from the table, I took out my watch, and requested the children to try how long they could hold the chair resting upon the two hind legs. The chair was gently reclined backward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and held in that position for one minute and forty-five seconds, without any visible agency or concealed machinery. Here was an apparent suspension of the action of the law of gravitation, which it would puzzle material scientists to explain by physical laws. —*Psychic Studies.*

NEXT!—The 14th of April has come and gone without the Higgins-Woodworth tidal wave, and now, according to the *Hindoo Patriot*, look out for the month of June: A plate made of the finest gold, containing inscriptions in the Tamil and Telegu languages, fell from Heaven and was found in the temple grounds at Benares by the person who saw it fall. The inscription is as follows: "From the month of June, 1890, God himself will rule as Emperor of Hindoostan, incarnating himself in human form. From that time forward there will be justice all over the world, and the munis (sages) will be worshiped by the people. All the diseases of men will be cured, dogs will walk and talk as men do, and man whose life is now established at 78 years, will in future have it extended to 125 years."

What man is there whom contact with a great soul will not exalt?—*(Hindu) Panchatantra.*

J. J. Morse on the Parnell Commission.

The Keighley News.

On Monday evening, April 14th, Mr. J. J. Morse, the well-known trance lecturer, gave an inspirational address in the Co-operative Assembly-rooms, Keighley, England, on "The Parnell Commission." Mr. Morse opened by saying that from what was once the proudest and topmost position of British journalism, the erstwhile leader of political opinion, the *Times* newspaper, had now descended about as far into the valley without being absolutely immured in the soil as it was possible for any journalistic venture to go and still live. That a newspaper should have been spurred on by political ambitions and party animus, and a most egregious short-sighted policy, to have embarked in a crusade against a nation's liberties would always remain as one of the phenomena of the nineteenth century—an age wherein intelligence was supposed to be brighter and clearer than at any other period in the history of Great Britain, an age, too, than when journalistic ventures were never more ably and better conducted, an age when the resources of science laid the whole world under tribute for the benefit of the daily newspaper reader. And we must remember that this sad and sorry spectacle was but the outward and visible sign of the causes which were beneath the surface, and not generally noted by the outside world. It was not merely that a certain line of policy or that certain national aspirations were averse to the minds and political opinions of certain people; it was something more. It was that there was to-day a wholesale horror in the breasts of those who ought to be the true conservators of all that was good, but who, unluckily, mistook their mission, and became the conservators of all that was bad, and never granted the good till it was plucked from their hands by the force of circumstances—it was that these people had a wholesale horror of giving the people their liberties, of granting the Irish people their liberties, fearing that some of their own privileges would suffer in consequence, and thus we found the privileged classes, represented mainly by the Conservative party, clinging so tenaciously, stooping to such underhand work in order to uphold their privileges.

Whilst referring to the past actions of secret and other societies in Ireland and condemning them, Mr. Morse said there need be small wonder that unwise counsels had prevailed in the past, small wonder that the Irish peasant was ignorant, small wonder that he could not bring all the arts of the Parliamentarian and tactician to bear on the discussion of the question, when he had been so utterly ground down, and when his past life could be summed up in the three dreadful words—hunger, cold and poverty. After reviewing the circumstances leading up to the appointment of the Commission and the proceedings of the Commission, Mr. Morse said the mountain had labored and had brought forth a mouse. [Applause.] The Report of the Judges was entirely and eminently disappointing to the Conservative party. Much had been made of the Report, but it had proved a stillborn babe, and the sooner it was buried in the grave of political forgetfulness the sweeter the atmosphere would be, [Applause.] When the Report was presented the question arose as to what was to be done. The Government said, "Oh, thank the Judges for their impartial conduct." Certainly, by all means. But that did not cover the ground. What about the man who had been charged with being a constructive murderer, and who had been proved absolutely innocent? "Oh," replied the Government in effect, "let him take care of himself." Rather than do justice, the party in power seemed inclined to sit down in the same House with the man whom they had been calling a constructive murderer, without any attempt to remove the slur or to do him justice. No wonder Mr. Gladstone described this as a flagrant iniquity. Such it was, and until justice was done the slur would rest not upon the House of Commons, not upon Charles Stewart Parnell, not upon the Irish party or the Irish nation, but upon Smith, Houston, Salisbury and Co. And if this was the morality of the politics of the present Government, the sooner an intelligent Liberal majority gave the marching orders the better for the nation. [Applause.] The result was substantially, and was from the moment Pigott took his flight, that Mr. Parnell and his party had been vindicated before the intelligent and fair-minded nation. [Applause.]

Mr. Morse went on to refer to and to justify the action of the Plan of Campaign, after which he remarked that now the Government had found the Parnell Commission abortive, they were going to see what they could give Ireland that she did not want. It was astonishing what a facility the Tory party had for finding out what people did not want and then thrusting it upon them. And because the Irish would not accept this Landlord Relief Bill that the Government had brought in, they were called a stiff-necked generation. After glancing at the prospects of Ireland in the days to come, the lecturer closed with a glowing peroration. He said that nothing could be hoped for from this Government, but they hoped in the time to come when the fateful days that had just run past were enrolled upon the scrolls of time, and when history had traced them upon her pages—they hoped that just across the silver streak there shall be scattered millions of healthy, thriving people, where cities, towns, and villages shall be reared, and where the hum of busy life shall be heard, where trade and commerce, and peace and comfort, and thriftiness shall mark the land from end to end, where men shall be decently clothed and live in houses, not hovels, where right shall prevail and where a happy, progressive and thriving nation shall be governed by itself, within itself—Ireland free from the bonds that had chafed her wrists so long, released from those who had sucked from her her very life-blood for generations, the wonder and admiration of the age. And England, stretching out her hand across the streak, shall clasp in loving embrace her sister Erin's hand, and the two with mutual love and confidence gazing into each other's eyes shall feel the same heart throb within their breasts, and then with one heart, with one accord shall be made a union, not such as lawyers might engross on parchment, but one which shall be engraven on the very hearts of the two people. [Loud applause.]

Vote of thanks closed the proceedings.

GEORGE ELIOT said it was her creed, that "by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite understand what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of the divine power against evil—widening the skirts of light and making the struggle narrower."

Advice to Investigators.

Psychic Studies.

"The truth can always be had by those who desire it, but each one must seek it for himself. God acts through all souls, and no one is the measure of His truth. · · · That only which we have within can we see without. If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none."—*Emerson.*

In commencing the investigation of spiritual phenomena, it must be borne in mind that mediumship is not based upon morality or refinement, but on certain organic or chemical adaptations to uses of which mortals have very little knowledge, and many spirits who have not made it a special study are no less ignorant; this being true, it must be conceded that pure Spiritualism is no more accountable for the abuses of mediumship than the element of fire is responsible for criminal incendiarism—both are blessings or afflictions, as they are used wisely or abused. One of the early writers on Spiritualism, in answering objections to the investigations of the subject, formulated a set of rules for investigators which will be found worthy of consideration and trial. They are plain and full of common sense. He said:*

"Solid honesty, common sense, and a decent judgment, are indispensable requisites for the investigation of all subjects of considerable importance, even in the ordinary affairs of life. This (Spiritualism) demands no higher qualifications. Common people are presumed to possess these. It is only uncommon people that are greatly deficient in them,—those who are so low as to remind one of the monkey and ass, or so high in the sophistications of artificial culture as to despise the virgin ore of Truth. The former *can not* treat this subject worthily; the latter *will not.*" (The writer may have had a prophetic vision of the Seybert Commission—formed by a combination of both the classes described.) Such are not to be ranked among common people. They are either below or above that honorable grade. Men and women who are relied on for sterling honesty and good sense, in the graver matters of ordinary life, are the people to investigate this matter. Let them look into it and report the facts, as they do in other matters referred to their consideration by their neighbors. And then let their report have the weight commonly given to their testimony and judgment by those who know them. This is all the spirit manifestations demand, to insure a fair understanding of their merits. This is all that common people need, in order to eschew delusion and derive substantial moral profit from them. And of all this common people are capable. · · · I respectfully suggest to investigators the following advisory:

DIRECTIONS.

1. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whence or how it may.

2. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.

3. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print or otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations, ancient and modern; weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.

4. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of deception or trick. *Confide or refrain.*

5. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible and well behaved ones.

6. Be serious, deliberate, frank and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all pettifogging lawyerism, pertinacity, and over-urgency; be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much and get little. Remember that you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.

7. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.

8. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.

9. Accept or reject, or hold in doubt, what purports to come from departed spirits for what would be sufficient reasons, if it came from spirits in the flesh. THIS MUST BE THE STANDING RULE.

10. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeparted spirits, as enjoined in the Golden Rule; and if there be evil overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate and kind.

"These are directions for honest, sensible, common people. By such they can be understood and followed; and no one who decently observes them will fail of success and moral profit in the investigation of these phenomena."

These rules as generalizations can not be much improved after thirty-seven years of added experiences; and the only serious objection to their use (if it be an objection) is, that the investigators who come up to the standard required are, comparatively, as scarce as are the public mediums who are morally incapable of deception or dishonesty. The standard can not be raised too high in the investigation of the truth of spirit communion, but we must insist upon impartiality and justice. The requirements for honesty on the part of mediums are equally binding upon investigators; they must have honesty of purpose if they expect to attract honest spirits, remembering that "If we meet no gods, it is because we harbor none."

We believe that the standards of morality and honesty of purpose among mediums will compare favorably with those of the clergy or medical profession. We believe that the priests who believe and preach the creeds they, by virtue of their positions, are bound to maintain in the sight of God, without fear or favor, without evasive shuffling off responsibilities, or pandering to the failings and vices of wealthy patrons; and that the physicians who practice from a love of humanity, and do not nurse fat fees—who are above making false pretensions to knowledge they do not possess—do not (proportionally to numbers) outnumber the conscientious public spirit mediums, with whom pecuniary returns are considered secondary to their desires to comfort the afflicted and strengthen the weak.

*Spiritual Manifestations, by Adin Ballou (1852.)

Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

The papers you kindly sent me were immediately distributed among the faithful, and were rapturously received. I sent one of them to Gardner, Mass., after we had carefully perused and enjoyed it.

Some few weeks ago I went to the Presbyterian church, and was so disgusted with the sermon I could not sit still. The preacher said, "No matter how pure, honorable, and upright one lived; nor how much one did for the poor, sick, and suffering; no matter how unselfish a person was; he must in the hereafter go to perdition, unless he acknowledged Jesus as the Son of God, and the savior of mankind; while the murderer, thief, libertine, slanderer, and debauchee, might follow their unprincipled course through life, if, at last, they would confess that Jesus was the Redeemer, they would be taken to heaven, to play on harps and sing hallelujahs forever, before the throne of God."

Is not this a holy doctrine to preach to the young and the ignorant—to encourage them in all wickedness? I said so much to people on the subject that his *reverence* heard it, and came to talk with me on the subject. He wanted to know what I disproved of? I said the immoral lives you encourage, and the lack of incitement given to the moral, conscientious person. I asked his idea of God; is He a person sitting on His white throne? He could not say he had ever formed an idea of God. I then remarked, music and singing, if ever so fine, become tedious and monotonous here, when we hear it too often; how would it be for an eternity? No reply. I inquired, do you believe in a burning hell? No; I think hell commences here and continues in the hereafter. Then he asked, do you not believe in vicarious atonement? No, I said; we can find no substitute to expiate our misdeeds. We must all work out our own salvation; and the more philanthropic and self-denying we are here, the better shall we be prepared to cross the rubicon and join the silent majority. I asked, do you think we shall recognize each other in the Great Beyond? He said, yes, surely; but he thought it a pity no arrangement had been made for spirits to return and tell us of the future. To which I said, I think they do come. Just then a customer came in, and he almost flew out of the store.

There are five churches here, and all teach about the same tenets; so we are, in truth, in the midst of Egyptian darkness. How a Spiritualist can deny what is to them a knowledge, and pretend to unite with any orthodox church for prestige or to get into society, is beyond my comprehension; and certainly it can not compare with the comfort received from messages given by angel friends, although they sometimes are mistaken when they typify beforehand what is to occur; yet we are assured of their continued interest in us, and their desire for our spiritual and temporal welfare, through time and in eternity. And they assure us that orthodoxy and Spiritualism are not compatible. May we be guided by angel friends in the paths of truth and uprightness, forever. Fraternally,

MARIAN K. LARANSIEUR.
INDEPENDENCE, ORE., April 30, 1890.

"GOD will only punish men for wickedness and not for holding opinions. That is the truth which cuts into the knot of sophistry and ends that great error, that error itself is guilt. The church should be more intolerant of selfishness, cant and hypocrisy, and less indignant with original opinions. The minister should be the pattern of intolerance of all that is immoral and the model of tolerance of what is honest doubt and honest belief in what differs from himself."—*Phillips Brooks.*

Let us all resolve, first, to attain the grace of silence; second, to deem all fault-finding that does no good a sin, and to resolve, when we are happy ourselves, not to poison the atmosphere for our neighbors by calling on them to mark every painful and disagreeable feature of their daily life; third, to practice the grace and virtue of praise.—*H. B. Stowe.*

485 words in 8 seconds were written on a piece of blank paper at a circle recently held in London, with Mrs. Everitt as the medium. The paper was snatched from the table by a spirit hand, held aloft and thrown back on the table. Upon examination it contained a legible article on phrenology—the whole process occupying only eight seconds.—*Way.*

Reminiscences of Riley M. Adams.

It was in 1854 that my eyes were opened to the truth of Spiritualism, in Burlington, Vt., from the circumstance of an old friend of mine calling on me in his travels from New York city. He had then just arrived from Rochester, N. Y. He told me of his sittings with the Fox girls. He earnestly said, "Spirits are coming back to earth, and no mistake, for of all the questions I asked every answer was true as I know, except two. These he did not know." This man, John Thomas, advised me to investigate the subject, and being a religious man, he said, "Brother Adams, I advise you to make it a subject of prayer." I took his advice except in the last particular.

It was some few weeks after, before my friend made a second call; and about this time I learned that one of my neighbors was engaged in the investigation of Spiritualism, while another that I did not know of, was also interested. The first named was Judge Wm. Noble, one of the leading men of the place, an educated man; he and I took every opportunity to attend lectures and circles together, and were very helpful to each other. At the time of my friend's second call we attended a seance at which the medium was Mrs. Martha Nichols, wife of S. B. Nichols, recently departed, from Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Nichols was controlled, and wrote automatically, and I saw several signatures signed to messages, of neighbors whom I knew had but recently "gone over." I was nearly a convert now, and determined to continue my investigation, and know the truth for a certainty.

I have said there were two of my neighbors who were Spiritualists, Judge Noble and Joshua Doane. Mr. Doane, though a believer in Spiritualism, was one of the leading members of the orthodox church. He was taken suddenly ill, and I attended as his principal nurse. He passed over the river in a few days at the age of seventy-eight years. After the funeral, on the second night I was awakened from sleep by loud raps in my room. I could not account for them; the second night after this, loud raps again awakened me. I thought of Mr. Doane, and asked if they were his, and the response came "Yes."

The next morning I took my horse and wagon and drove about four miles to a place called Muddy Brook, Williston. Here I found a medium named Edwin, a Frenchman; I gave him no information whatever. He became entranced, and the first name given was Joshua Doane. Mr. Doane stated that he had been a member of the church but had found it was a human institution of forms without the substance, and that he was "casing off," as he expressed it. This was an explanation of the minister's words at the funeral—"Mr. Doane had his faults." My friend said to me, through the medium as a test, that I might know it was certainly he, that two or three evenings before he was taken sick he had been to the house of Col. Brown, the crockery dealer, and had played dominoes. I said to him, "Mr. Doane, did you come and rap in my bedroom?" "Yes." "What did you want?" "I wanted to let you know I am a Spiritualist." After returning home I went to Col. Brown's, asked him if Mr. Doane had been to his house and played dominoes a few evenings before he was taken sick. He replied, "Yes."

Now here were two facts given me from the spirit world, causing me to know I had communicated with my neighbor. First, the fact that Mr. Doane had gone to Col. Brown's before being taken sick as he had told me, made the fact certain; second, Mrs. Doane, his wife, told me of her own accord, that her husband had told her he was a Spiritualist and that there would not be so many believers if it were not true; thus corroborating Mr. Doane's statement given through the medium. These facts thus obtained, furnished a foundation for my knowledge of Spiritualism. My neighbor over whom I had watched so faithfully night and day, paid me well; I shall never forget it. He knew of my anxiety to know it, and the gratification of that wish was worth more than uncounted millions to me. Since that time evidence has accumulated mountains high.

Reader, do you want a knowledge on the sublimest question of the age? Investigate this matter in a thorough manner and you will get what money will not buy. All who will not investigate this grand truth must go hungry until they are willing to do so; for nothing but spiritual light and knowledge can fill and satisfy the human soul.

After my first visit to Muddy Brook, I went there several times and received messages through the following mediums: Mr. Parker Wilkins and wife, Mr. R. Munson and wife, and Mr. W. Edwin; Judge Noble accompanied me sometimes. Having seen the call of Judge Edmonds of New York for messages to be published in the *New York Tribune*, I attended one circle at Mr. P. Wilkins' house. There were present, Mr. Wilkins and wife, Mr. R. Munson and wife, and Mr. Edwin. They were all influenced at the same time. Mr. Wilkins spoke in a foreign tongue wholly unknown to himself. The message was given in poetry and the translation was given in poetry through the hand of Mrs. Munson as follows:

"Shall priests whose creeds they can't expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator's purpose know?"

Mr. Edwin, in a trance, said, "I see the spirit that spoke through the medium; he is of small stature, dark complexion, black hair and black eyes; says he was an officer under King George. He deserted the army at Kingston, U. C.; went to South America and died there in 1825, on the river Xangua; says he was an Italian and his name is A. Montes."

Mr. Edwin, a respectable farmer, frequently talked in foreign tongue, as also did Mrs. Munson, a lady of high repute.

I sent the short message above to Judge Edmonds (for the fact as being spoken in a foreign language not the medium's) and it was published in the *New York Tribune*, and also in pamphlet form in 1857. Fraternally,

RILEY M. ADAMS.
VINELAND, N. J., April 24, 1890.

To be continued.

PROF. WALLACE A NATIONALIST.—I have not read "Miss Luddington's Sister," but I have read "Looking Backward" three times, and I must protest against the reviewer of the former work giving your readers an erroneous impression of the latter, which he has evidently never read through. If he had done so he could not have written this sentence: "As a story-teller in both 'Looking Backward' and 'Miss Luddington's Sister,' he can hardly be said to have succeeded, for in both books the last chapters entirely upset the apparent meaning and interest of the story." This is wholly untrue of "Looking Backward," the interest and perfect consistency of the story being kept up from the opening words of the preface to the closing paragraph. Neither is the charge of "vagueness" a more accurate one; for the pre-eminent merit of the book, and that which has given it its great reputation, is the entire absence of vagueness. It is because, for the first time, it has shown how a thorough system of Socialism may be established, and how it may be applied in all the countless ramifications of modern civilization, while reserving home privacy and individual liberty to far greater extent than is possible under our existing social arrangements, that the book has had such an enormous success, and has initiated a movement in the direction of the new social economy which will in all probability have important effects on the future humanity.—*Alfred R. Wallace in Light.*

A NEW METHOD OF TREATING DISEASE.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? There is a new departure in the treatment of disease. It consists in the collection of the specifics used by noted specialists of Europe and America, and bringing them within the reach of all. For instance, the treatment pursued by special physicians who treat indigestion, stomach and liver troubles only, was obtained and prepared. The treatment of other physicians, celebrated for curing catarrh was procured, and so on till these incomparable cures now include disease of the lungs, kidneys, female weakness, rheumatism and nervous debility.

This new method of "one remedy for one disease" must appeal to the common sense of all sufferers, many of whom have experienced the ill effects, and thoroughly realize the absurdity of the claims of Patent Medicines, which are guaranteed to cure every ill out of a single bottle, and the use of which, as statistics prove, *has ruined more stomachs than alcohol.* A circular describing these new remedies is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage by Hospital Remedy Company, Toronto, Canada, sole proprietors.

Written for the Golden Gate.]

Bitter Tears.

BY ELLA MAY CROOP.

Dim the lights are faintly gleaming,
Hushed the foot steps on the floor;
For a soul is faintly struggling
E'er it leaves forevermore.

Friends are kneeling, softly praying,
For the life of this dear one,
While her soul on earth is staying
E'er its final course is run.

Bitter tears are slowly falling,
Hearts are bursting with their grief;
Hush! 'tis angel voices calling,
And her stay on earth is brief.

It is o'er: the last faint struggle,
And the loving eyes are closed,
And the faint heart stilled forever,
Calm and peaceful in repose.

All had gone. But one poor mourner
Slowly lingers yet awhile;
For too soon will they have borne her
To yon grave beyond the stile.

List! a sweet voice softly whispers,
"'Tis not me you watch by here;
'Tis but clay; and O, my sister,
'Tis not worth such bitter tears.

"I am happy; I will guard thee
'Till you, too, shall lie as clay,
And you THEN will understand me
On that happy dawning day."

MERCED, CAL., April, 1890.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Golden Gate.

BY K. M. THOMPSON.

To the Golden Gate we raise
Sails of fairest, azure hue,
Laden with a breeze that blows
Welcome words from spirits true.

Spirits who have gone before,
Moving onward with a zeal,
Onward ever is our song
As we turn Progression's wheel.

As we soar to realms beyond,
Far, afar from worldly view;
Thoughts of sadness often rise
When we see great work to do.

Work for spirits in the field
That lies dormant, cold and strand;
Could we turn Progression's wheel,
To shed color o'er the land.

And a year or more to-day
Have we urged this medium on
To take part in doing good,
Sending here and there a balm.

But to her were silent words,
As they came from spirit-shore;
To a few gave word of cheer,
Friends who knew her long before.

Ere the light of Summerland
Crossed adown her chequered way,
Ere she reached the glittering strand,
Now shines forth in bright array.

Ready for a work to do
In the spirit land of song,
Are ah! many who would bring
Soothing word out in the throng.

Messages from spirit shore
Waiting, waiting on the way,
To give life and comfort o'er,
By the golden sunset bay.

And, as ships sail in the bay,
So come we from foreign shore;
Welcome come, with love and cheer,
Greet the Golden Gate once more.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 21, 1890.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Mills of the Gods.

BY H. A. SMITH.

If your fellow-man has wronged you
And you would resent the wrong,
Do it not, the gods are grinding,
And they're tireless and strong.

Save when personal resentment
Serves to right the dastard deed,
Then you are a god incarnate
Be whatever may your creed.

Many are the mills and mighty,
Noiselessly the wheels go round;
And they never stop a minute
Till the grists in hand are ground.

And the evil grists are legion,
Various as the shades of crime;
And the small are never slighted,
Nor the great for want of time.

And the good ones are more numerous
Than the evil ones by odds,
And the rythm made in grinding
Is the music of the gods.

Wonderful the skill and matchless
That the artisans attain
In the perfect separation
Of the rubbish from the grain.

Do you ask who are the patrons
Of these mighty, mystic mills?
Every living human being
In whose heart emotion thrills.

All alike are treated fairly,
No partiality is shown
From the justice-haunted outlaw
To the king upon his throne.

Quality is never questioned,
Each grist by itself is placed,
So there's not the least confusion
Nor an atom goes to waste.

Not a grain of toll is taken,
Millers do the Master's will,
But they sometimes swell the measure
That is taken to the mill.

Thus the mills the gods are running
Are the terror of the strong,
When they use God-given power
For the furtherance of wrong.

For although the mills are viewless,
Night and day the wheels go round,
Till the trifler and the tyrant
Into finest dust are ground.

Do you ask me who these gods are,
Who are masters of the mills,
Toiling in the cause of Justice
With a unity of wills?

They're the silent laws of Nature,
Little known or understood,
And their mighty ultimatum,
Perfect man and angelhood.

SEATTLE, W. T., April, 1890.

Continued from First Page.

life, that he is occupied in graving a character for which he is responsible, which will be the record of what he has done with his life here, and which will determine his place hereafter. For we shall each of us go to his own place, and we cannot possibly go anywhere else.

It concerns us much to know somewhat of this life in the land beyond. We cannot know it in detail until we put off the burden of the flesh, and learn of it by experience. There is on this earth no language in which its glories may be expressed. We learn of it only by analogy, we see it only as in a glass darkly. But it is something to know that man is the arbiter of his own destiny: that he will live there as he is living here: that by his daily habits he is working out his own salvation, or preparing for himself misery and woe. It is something to know that nothing we do is wasted or lost: that no loved one drops out of earthly gaze into the void: that all, whether they can or cannot reach us here, will reach us when we come home. It is something to know that the whole fabric of religion, so far as it affects man, receives its sanction and stimulus from the doctrines of the higher Spiritualism with which so many of us have made acquaintance. And in days when it is the fashion to bring up every time-honored truth for proof anew, when man has largely lost his hold on the ancient faith, when religion, as a binding power, is losing so much of its vitalizing influence, it is something to feel that by the mercy of that God, who never fails to respond to the prayer of His creatures, we are being brought face to face with the reality of our spiritual existence by experimental evidence adapted to our understanding.

It is not to be denied that in a scientific age a creed that shall commend itself to the thinking men of the day, demonstrated in its foundations by the scientific method, logically coherent and free from dogmatic encumbrance, will appeal with tremendous force to those who yearn for an union between Science and Religion. The faith that I have learned satisfies these conditions. I see in it no contradiction to that which I know of the teaching of the Christ. I see no reason why the old faith should be assailed. I am no iconoclast. As to the doubt of the age, I did not create it, and would not encourage it. As to the new faith, I would have every man consider it for himself and ponder well what it means. If to him the old is better, I would have him cleave to it. Many there will be who will cling to the faith of childhood as they have learned its lessons. Why should they be disturbed? In the ears of others will be ringing the cry, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Why should they be held back? And if there be, as there always will be, halters between two opinions—timid souls who peer into a strange land and fear to penetrate its unknown paths, why should they be hurried?

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

That there is much to be done to elevate the tone of what the world in general knows as Spiritualism no one is more profoundly aware than myself. We must realize that our aspirations and desires to a large extent regulate the character of the communications that we receive: not always, for there are mysteries here that still perplex us. But, if we put aside the phenomenal aspects of the matter, and do not complicate our questions by controversy: if we shut the door and stand in silent reverence and awe before the vail that shrouds the world of spirit from our gaze, we may remember with confidence that in proportion to the purity of our faith and the loftiness of our aspiration will most probably be the character of that unseen visitor from the Silent Land who will lift the vail and speak to us from out its silences.

THE *Open Court* (Chicago) has (March 27th ult.) an article, able where all are distinguished by ability, on "The Reaction Against Materialism," signed by Dr. Paul Carus, the Editor. The writer dwells on the modern tendency to revert to Spiritualism, using the word evidently as the opposite of Materialism. He then incidently mentions "a crude belief in spirits and spiritual manifestations" as a sign of this tendency, quitting, it will be observed, exact terminology for that common confusion between the adjectives *Spiritual, Spiritualistic, Spiritualist.* There is nothing necessarily spiritual in "phenomena usually called spiritual." That word, too, has quite a meaning already.—*Light.*

I must not enter here into the solemn and far-reaching fields of thought concerning the mystical connection between life and love set forth in that Hebrew system of sacrificial religion to which we may trace most of the received ideas respecting sanctity, consecration and purification. But if you will earnestly examine the original sources from which our heedless popular language respecting the washing away of sins has been borrowed you will find that the fountain in which sins are indeed to be washed away is that of Love, not of Agony.—*Ruskin.*

All things are literally better, lovelier and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment, Mercy.—*Ruskin.*

LET us begin our heaven on earth; and, being ourselves tempted, let us be pitiful and considerate and generous in judging others.—*John Page Hopps.*

Letter from Rose L. Bushnell.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

I heard the following words in silvery tones, from one of the fashionable choirs of this city: "Watchman, tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are?" I thought is there no spiritual promise within the fold? Well doing brings its own reward, and the promise is happiness, which will surely abide as a guest at the hearthstone of each one's heart. Each link unclasped in the chain of selfishness adds one more bright thread to be woven in the loom of kindness, charity and love. Man is powerless to cope with the chemical change called death; he realizes from experience that it is certain to come to him sooner or later. Yet, he puts the time off to a remote period and says, "O, no, it will not come to me this year, or any one dear to me. O, no, not to mine."

A gentleman of my acquaintance, the head of a family of bright children, said, "I know nothing of a future world or life, as you call it, neither does any one else. All any one can conclude is from the Bible, it teaches all I care to know about *it*, and I don't read *that* very often. I live for the present, let the future take care of itself." Just four weeks from that time the summons came for one of his family to go up higher. It was the patient, loving wife and mother, whose feet grew weary, who folded her busy hands over the tired breast, and fell asleep, the sleep that nature demands of every embodiment. In two weeks more the idol of the household was called, the golden haired darling closed her eyes to scenes of life, her waxen hands clasped in repose, and within their folds was a choice bunch of forget-me-nots, whose language appeals to the loving hearts who paid the last tribute. "Oh God, why hast thou forsaken me?" groaned the now more than bereaved man, "O! wife and child where are you? Come back to my desolate home! O, come back." Two were left him, one a sensitive lad of about eight summers, who related to his astonished parent his experience: "Papa, mamma came and kissed me last night, she covered me all up nice." "My son," said the father, "you were dreaming, your mother is in the grave." Shortly after that the little boy said again, "Papa, mamma and little Daisy came and kissed me twice last night, I saw them, indeed I did, papa. I want to go with my mother. She told me *they* were happy." Fear now took possession of the father, "What, another of my children to go? Oh! God, spare my darlings to me." It was then he heard a voice, "Fear not, my son, art thou not now ready to receive the light? Follow me into the pastures, down by the still waters of peace and I will give you rest."

This gentleman gave the present a little more attention, the future more thought, and has now grasped the staff of investigation, and has come to the conclusion that there are truths outside the Bible.

Through the changes that are liable to come to many, and must come to all in time, the restless spirit leaves the paths it perhaps has walked in before, recognizes the land-marks it has left, the homes by the wayside whose doors are open with welcome and rest, inviting to the homecoming wanderer from earth-shores. How few souls meet in recognition in the valley of incarnation; yet there are millions wandering here to-day, and the experiences of each one is for its own growth, its own good. We came here strangers. The question arises, Where do we come from? Who are we? Do we recognize any one through the life journey, save through the soul's intuitions? The marked difference one will notice in families, in character, opinions, dispositions and every day life, shows that strangers are together. The meagre knowledge gained is for many the first lesson. On, on, the spirit must go through matter, up to the highest round of progression, whether it will or not; it has no say in the affair. Go we must, come me must, and not at our own volition. We have vague glimpses of someone, somewhere, some place, yet we can not wholly grasp the truth only as our journeys grow less.

We may meet a person, and there are those in the valley of incarnation to-day, so near the summit, so nearly ready to receive the crown, that in coming into their presence one instinctively feels the love of the Infinite; feels that their last journey earthward is drawing to its close, and the spice-laden breezes from the "elysian fields," fan the cheeks of the pilgrim, whose feet will soon tread the flower-strewn paths, whose incense comes from the heart of Deity. Again, we, in our wanderings, meet others; we are charmed with their delightful presence; feel that "we must never, never part." Many will claim the charm consists in animal magnetism. Who can prove that assertion? I will not say but the magnetism must assimilate, but is it not just as reasonable to judge that the souls have known each other previous—perhaps are soulmates? It must often be the case. Nevertheless, the work of reimbodiment must go on in spite of all theories and beliefs. No spirit now incarnated but knows by experience and observation, that if the laws of life are violated, he, or she, will suffer the consequences thereof. The problems will and must be worked out through the lessons of sorrows or joys of *many lives.*

Said S. P. Putnam, in his discussion with Moses Hull, May 1st and 2d: "I can not believe in Spiritualism. I do not believe in spirits. I am not made that way. I am not put up on that basis." I looked at the individual and thought, that according to the mathematical calculations of some of our *reasoning* friends, that about eight hundred and ninety-nine reincarnations would bring the gentleman on the right basis! How deeply may the soul be buried in materialism, so deep that no sound of heaven-born music can reach its prison cell.

"I vex me not with broodings on the years,
That were ere I drew breath. Why should I then
Distrust the darkness that may fall again
When life is done; perchance in other spheres.

"Dead planets, I once tasted mortal tears,
And walked as now among a throng of men,
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken;
Questioning death, and so losing my fears.
Who knows? Ofttimes strange senses have I of this,
Vague memories that hold me with a spell.

"Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,
Breathing some uncommunicable bliss,
In years foregone, O soul! was all not well?
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not then."

Fraternally,
ROSE L. BUSHNELL.

Kepler and the Wonderful Boy Heinecke.

In the *Medium and Daybreak* of the 21st of January, 1887, it is related by the well-known investigator, A.T.T.P., that he had a communication from the astronomer, Kepler. The control confessed with remorse that on one occasion he had taken possession of the organism of an infant from which the spirit had that moment departed. He inhabited the form of the child for more than four years, and during that time the most astounding mental phenomena was exhibited by the child. At two years old he could argue with doctors of divinity; at four he could talk English fluently and quote latin, and carry on conversations about mathematics and history. The name of the child was Christian Heinrich Heinecke. Being anxious to know whether this marvellous child had attracted attention during his short life, I spent some time lately in the Public Library consulting biographical dictionaries, and at last in that copious work, "Biographie Universelle," I found the following account of Christian Henri Heinecke. He is designated as one of the most surprising phenomena that has ever appeared among men. All the journals of the time spoke of him, and particular notice was taken of him in the *Memoires de Trevona*, January, 1731. An account of his life was also written by Schonied, his teacher, and Martini published a special dissertation on the case in 1730:

"He was born at Lubeck in 1721. He could speak almost as soon as he was born. At one he knew the events recorded in the Pentateuch; at three the history of the Bible; at four he knew the testament; at two and one-half years he talked of questions in geography and history; he learned Latin and French with great ease. His food was milk alone, and an attempt was made to wean him, but he fell sick soon after. He saw his end approaching with all the firmness of a man, and the confidence of a faithful Christian. He died at Lubeck in his fifth year. This boy had a brother, C. H. Heinecke, a well-known statesman of the period, who was born in 1706, and died in 1792."